

STORIES OF THE ARMY AND NAVY

MILITARY

AUGUST
No. 31

COMICS 10¢

EXTRA!
Blackhawk
meets
Captain Hitsu
and his
Suicide Squadron!



AL BRYANT



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

BIKE-LOGY

108.92 MILES AN HOUR—ON MAY 17, 1941, ALFRED LETOURNEUR, RIDING BEHIND A FAST AUTOMOBILE, COVERED A MILE IN A FRACTION OVER 33 SECONDS, AN AVERAGE SPEED OF 108.92 MILES PER HOUR. A SPECIALLY-CONSTRUCTED WIND-BREAKING SHIELD HELPED LETOURNEUR IN TURNING IN HIS BRILLIANT PERFORMANCE.



THE FIRST INTERNATIONAL 6-DAY BIKE RACE WAS HELD IN THE OLD MADISON SQUARE GARDEN IN NEW YORK CITY IN 1891. THE INTREPID ANKLEERS OF THOSE DAYS DID THEIR RACING ATOP HOBBLY HIGH WHEEL BIKES, WHICH WAS SOMETHING OF A CYCLING FEAT IN ITSELF.



VOLENDAM, HOLLAND—IT FORMERLY WAS THE CUSTOM IN THIS QUIANT DUTCH TOWN, AFTER A WEDDING CEREMONY, FOR THE BRIDE'S FATHER TO PRESENT THE GROOM WITH A BRAND-NEW BICYCLE AS A TOKEN OF HIS APPRECIATION.



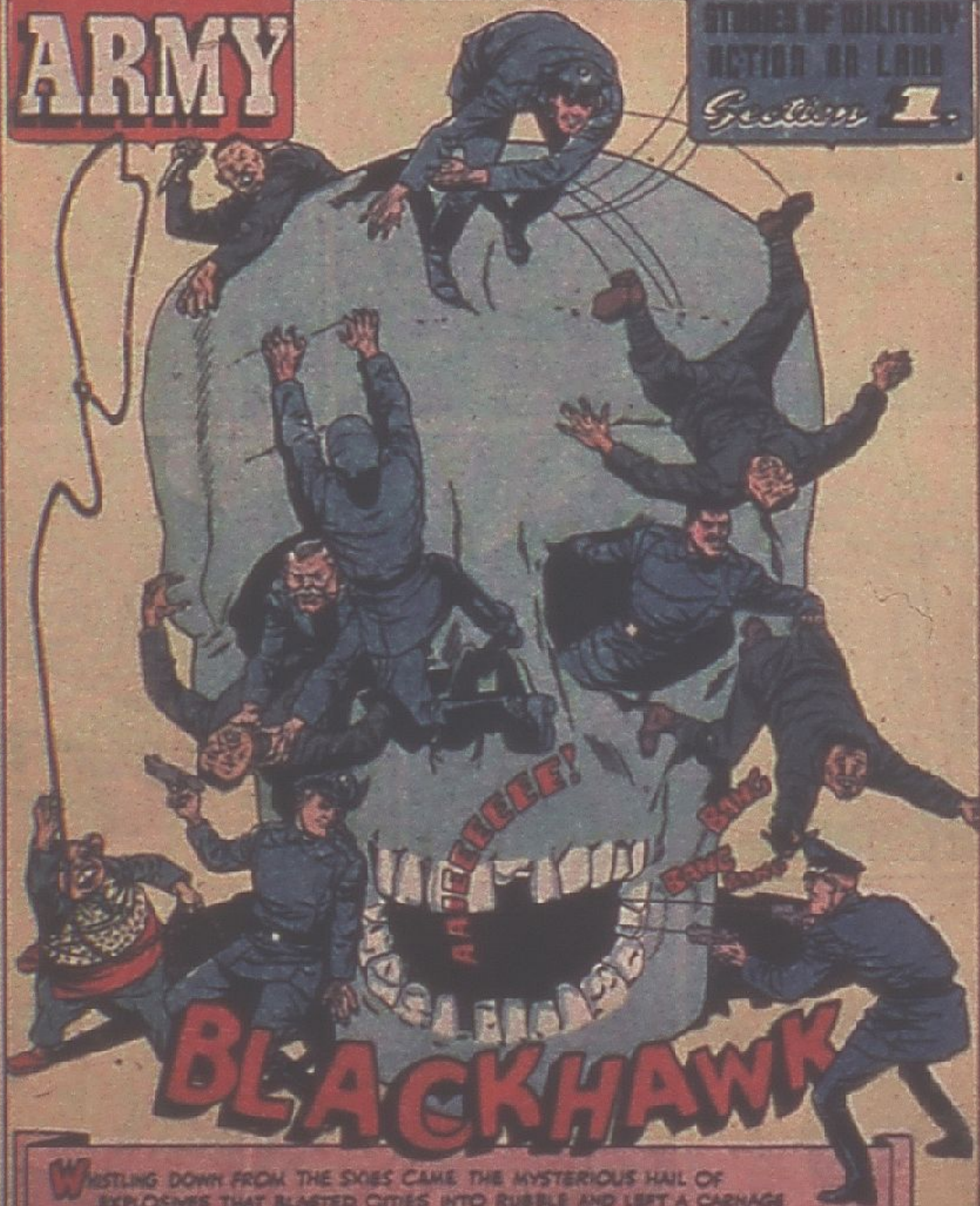
THE MORROW COASTER BRAKE HAS PLAYED A VITAL ROLE DURING ALMOST A HALF CENTURY OF BICYCLING HISTORY. WITH OUR ARMED FORCES IT HAS BEEN AN IMPORTANT MEMBER OF "THE INVISIBLE CREW". MAKE SURE THE NEW BICYCLE YOU'LL BE GETTING IS EQUIPPED WITH "MORROW".



ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION

TRADE MARK OF BENDIX AVIATION CORPORATION

MILITARY COMICS, August, 1944, No. 21. Published monthly except December and June by Comic Magazines, 1 East 90, Buffalo, N. Y. Executive Office, Currier Building, 222 Main St., Stamford, Conn. E. M. Arnold, General Manager, George C. Sinner, Editor. Yearly subscription \$1.75 plus 20 cents for mail. 48¢, total \$2.23. Single copies \$2.50. Entered as second-class matter April 21, 1941, at the Post Office, Buffalo, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1925. The characters and events pictured herein are entirely fictitious. The Publisher accepts no responsibility for unsolicited material. Editorial and Advertising Offices, 415 Lexington Avenue, New York City. E. E. Murphy, Advertising Representative, P. O. Box 64, 502 W. Michigan Ave., Chicago 26, Western Region, Division. Copyright, 1944 by Comic Magazines. Printed in U. S. A.

ARMYSTORIES OF MILITARY
ACTION ON LAND
Section 1.

WHISTLING DOWN FROM THE SKIES CAME THE MYSTERIOUS HAIL OF EXPLOSIVES THAT BLASTED CITIES INTO RUBBLE AND LEFT A CARNAGE OF THE DEAD AND DYING!...

BUT AN EVEN MORE DEADLY MENACE RIDES ON THE TRAIL OF THE BLACKHAWKS!... FOR CAPTAIN HITSU AND HIS SUICIDE SQUADRON HAVE SWORN TO PURSUE THE BLACKHAWKS UNTIL DEATH!!

DAWN on BLACKHAWK ISLAND... and through the dense fog comes the steady drone of airplane motors...



Recklessly, BLACKHAWK plunges into an inferno of heat and flame!





JAPS... WILL BOMB!... TERRIBLE DESTRUCTION!... YOU... MUST STOP!

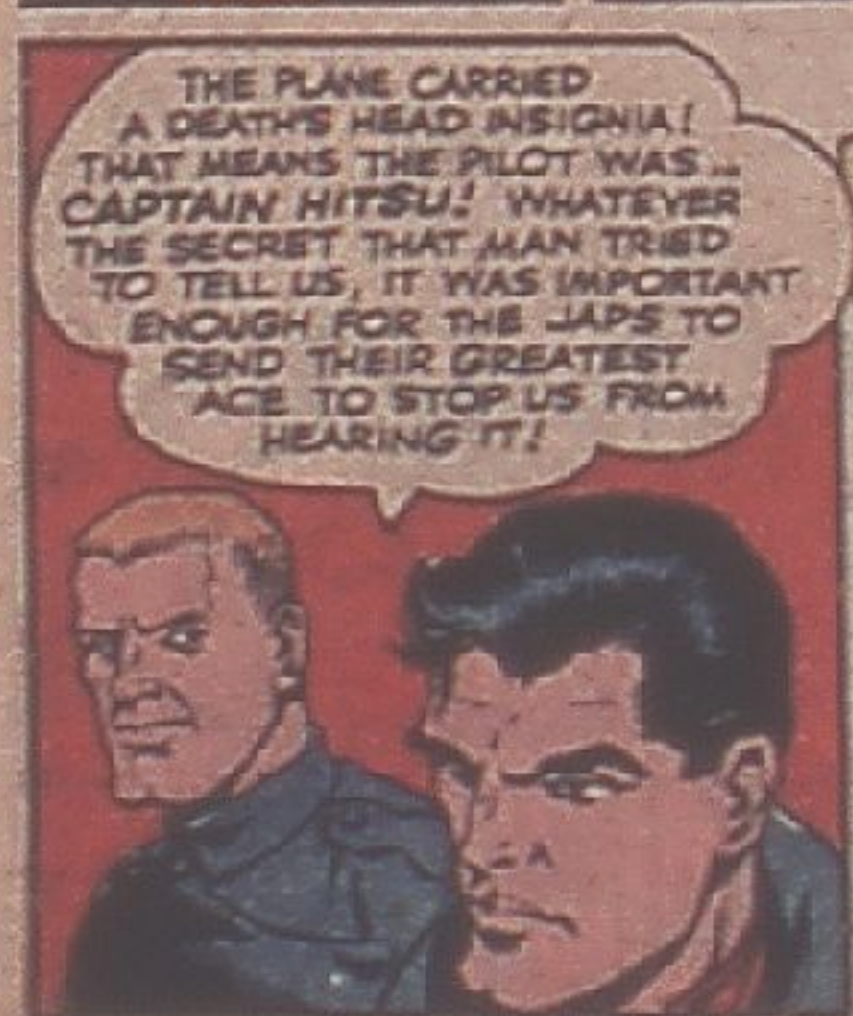


HE'S DEAD! HE CAME TO TELL US SOMETHING! BUT THE JAPS GOT HIM BEFORE HE COULD!



I DON'T THINK SO! I SAW THE MARKINGS OF THE PLANE THAT SHOT HIM DOWN!

IT WAS AN ORDINARY JAP PURSUIT PLANE!

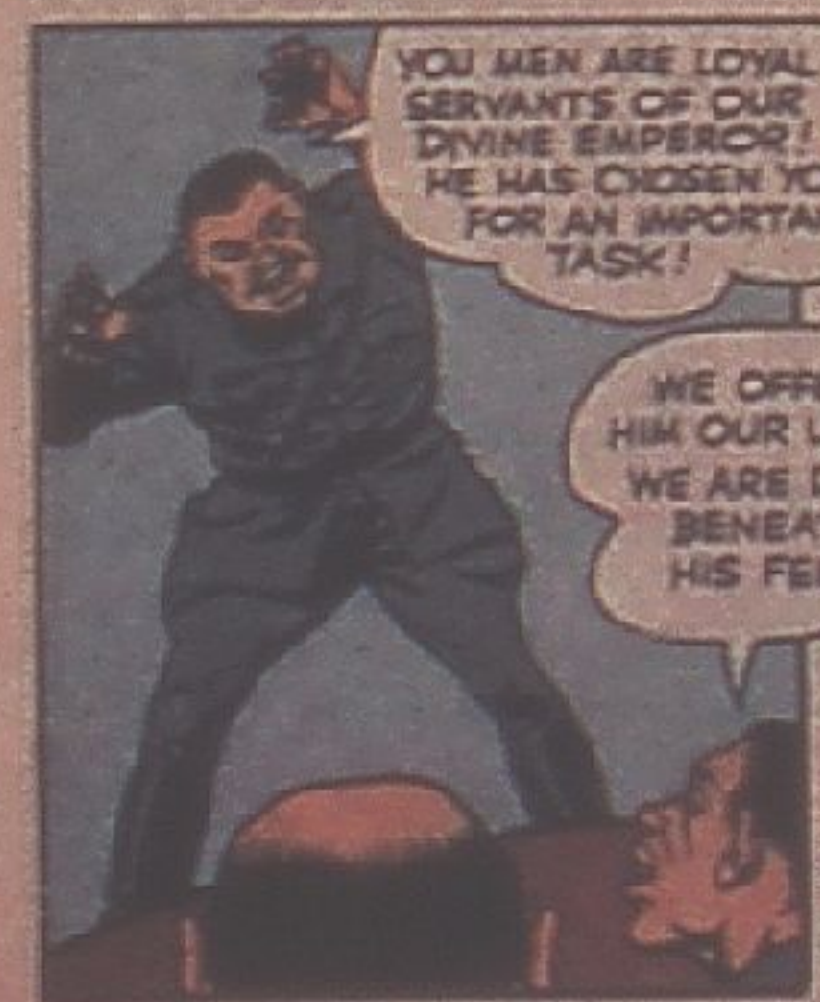


THE PLANE CARRIED A DEATH'S HEAD INSIGNIA! THAT MEANS THE PILOT WAS... CAPTAIN HITSU! WHATEVER THE SECRET THAT MAN TRIED TO TELL US, IT WAS IMPORTANT ENOUGH FOR THE JAPS TO SEND THEIR GREATEST ACE TO STOP US FROM HEARING IT!



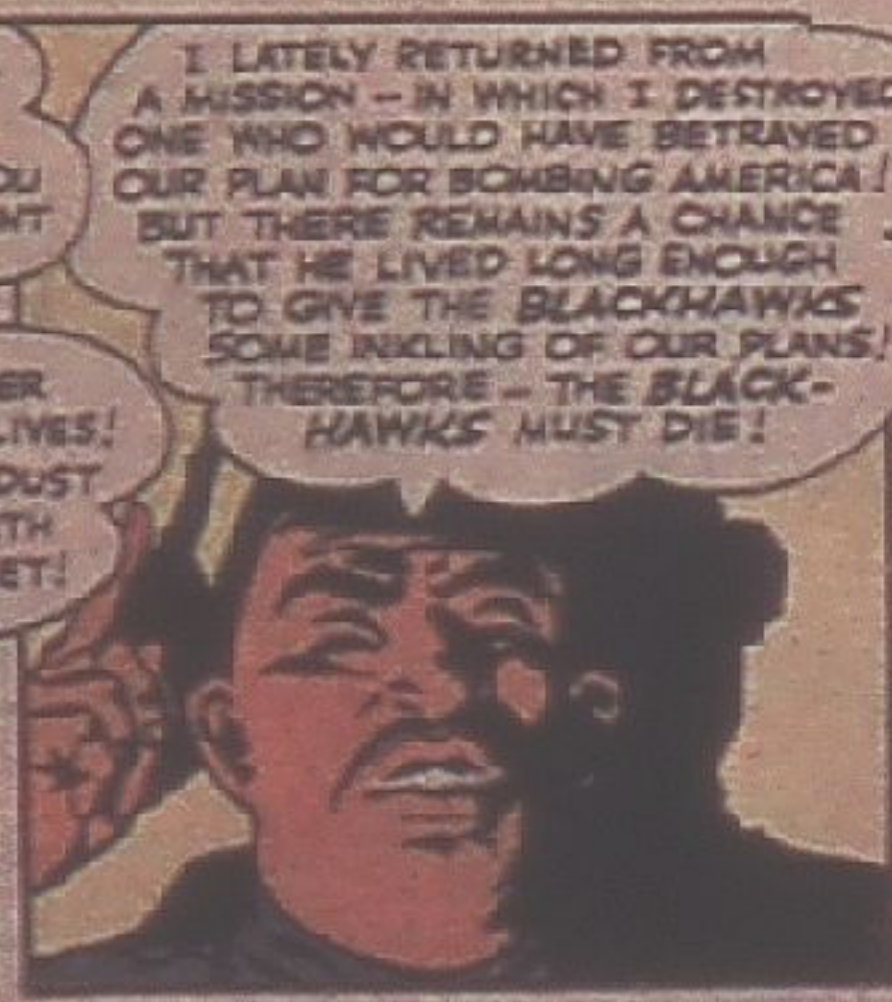
Meanwhile, in a private chamber of the Emperor's palace in Tokyo...

GENTLEMEN! CAPTAIN HITSU WILL SPEAK TO YOU IN A MOMENT!



YOU MEN ARE LOYAL SERVANTS OF OUR DIVINE EMPEROR! HE HAS CHOSEN YOU FOR AN IMPORTANT TASK!

WE OFFER HIM OUR LIVES! WE ARE DUST BENEATH HIS FEET!



I LATELY RETURNED FROM A MISSION - IN WHICH I DESTROYED ONE WHO WOULD HAVE BETRAYED OUR PLAN FOR BOMBING AMERICA! BUT THERE REMAINS A CHANCE THAT HE LIVED LONG ENOUGH TO GIVE THE BLACKHAWKS SOME INKING OF OUR PLANS! THEREFORE - THE BLACK-HAWKS MUST DIE!



CAPTAIN HITSU, THIS IS NOT EASILY DONE! THE BLACKHAWKS ARE NOT ORDINARY MEN! THEY ARE DEVILS WHO LAUGH AT DEATH!

SO WE MUST BE EQUALLY UNAFRAID!



WE WILL BE A SUICIDE SQUADRON! OUR LIVES WILL BE DEDICATED TO THE EMPEROR... AND WE WILL DRIVE THE BLACKHAWKS FROM THE SKIES!



On BLACKHAWK'S Pacific Island, a tense drama is enacted by two grim-faced friends!

THIS MORNING, YOU DIDN'T SEE THE PLANES, STANISLAUS! YOU DIDN'T SEE THE INSIGNIA ON HITSU'S PLANE!



I'VE KNOWN FOR SOMETIME, AND THE TESTS PROVE IT! YOUR EYESIGHT'S BEEN GETTING WORSE! IT'S DANGEROUS TO LET YOU FLY A PLANE!

I-I MUST FLY!



YOU CAN'T GROUND ME!

I CAN'T DO ANYTHING ELSE! YOU'D BE RISKING MORE THAN YOUR OWN LIFE! YOU'D ENDANGER THE LIFE OF EVERY MAN WHO FLEW AT YOUR SIDE!



YUMPIN' YIMINY! THE YAPS ARE BOMBING THE NAVAL BASE AT PARENTO!

WHAT?



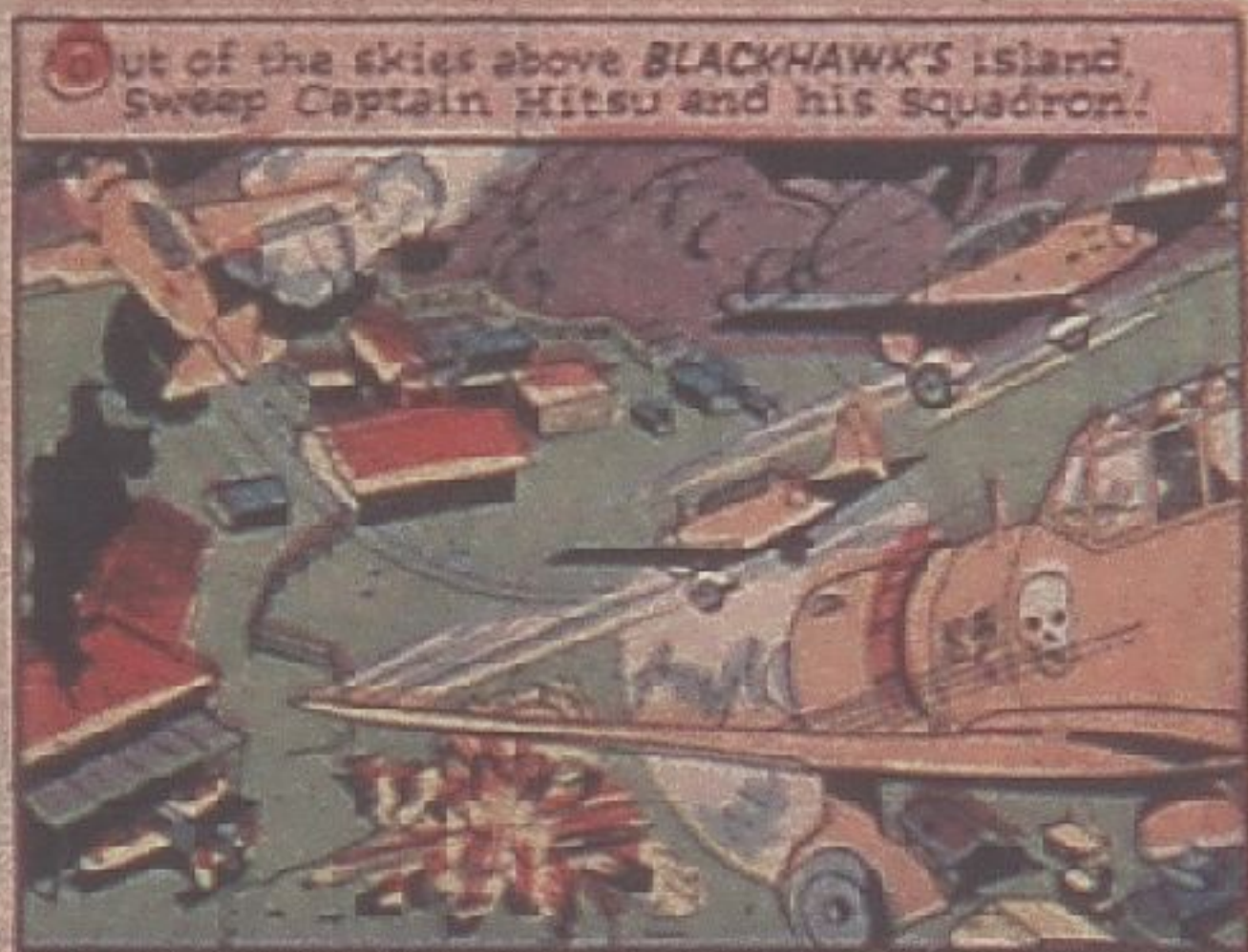
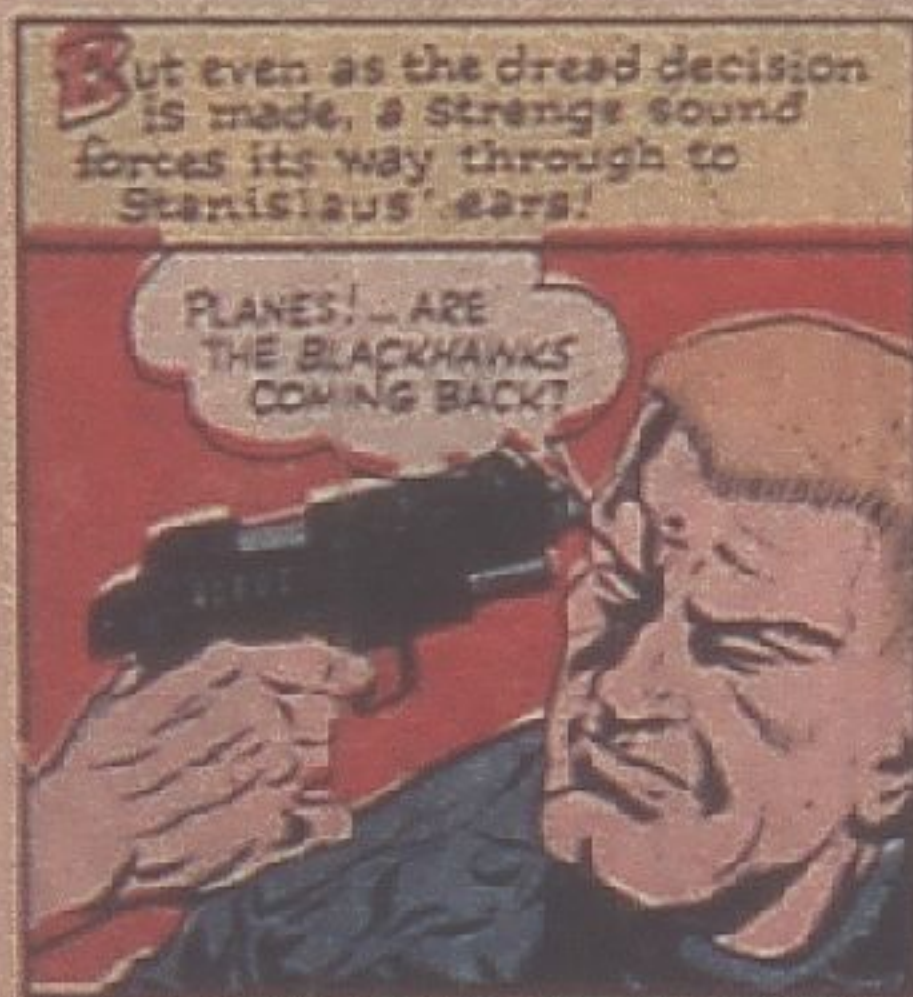
HOW'D THEY EVER GET THROUGH THE FIGHTER SCREENS? PARENTO'S THE BEST GUARDED BASE IN THE PACIFIC!

WE FIND OUT SOON ENOUGH, BY GAR!



Moments later, the BLACKHAWKS' planes roll down toward a takeoff, and their challenging war cry splits the air!

HAWK! AAAAA!

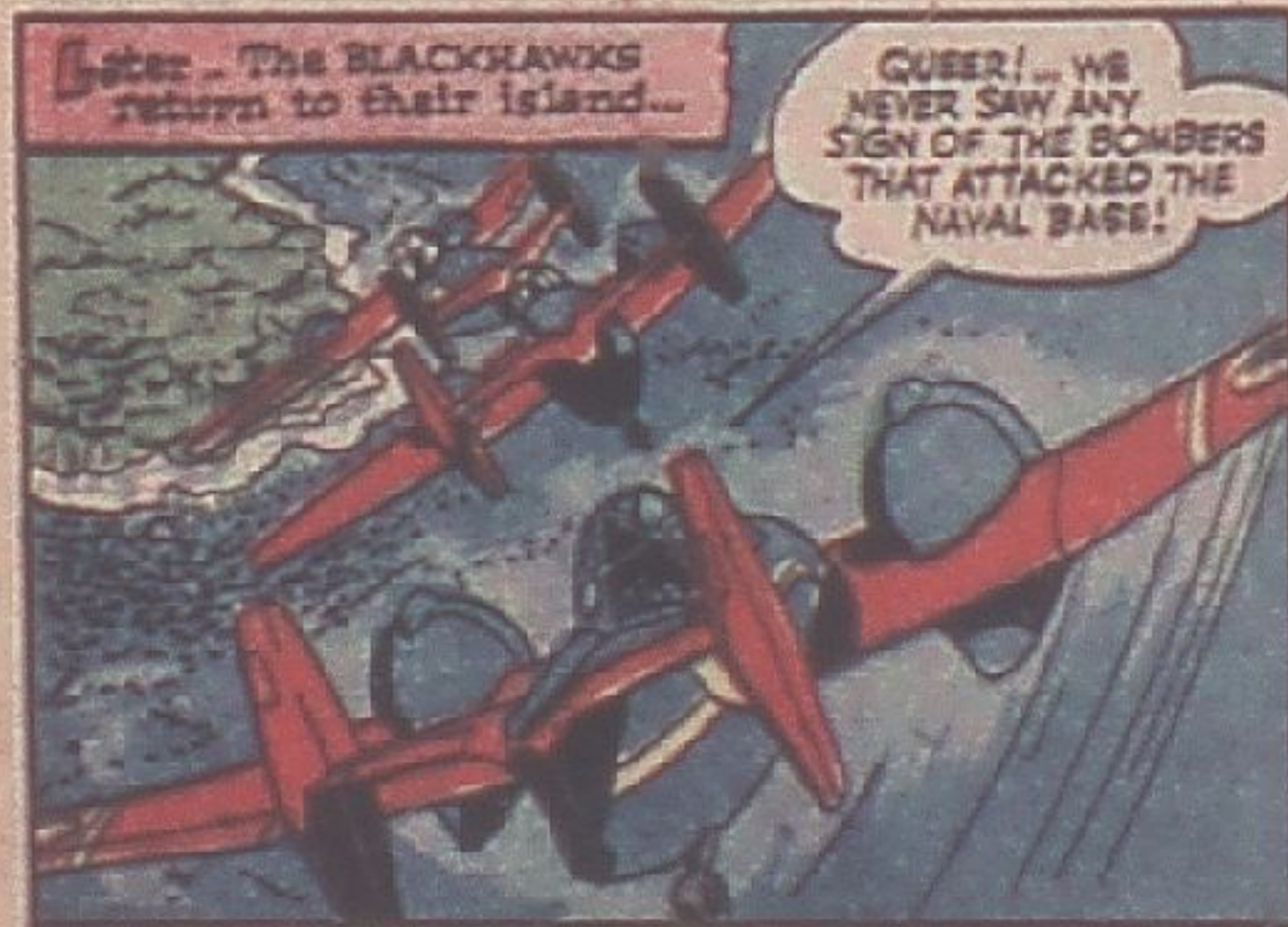




I'LL SHOW THEM! — THEY WON'T ESCAPE WITHOUT A FIGHT!! ...



BLACKHAWK!
I TRIED!...
HAWKAAAAA!



Later — The BLACKHAWKS return to their island...

QUEER!... WE NEVER SAW ANY SIGN OF THE BOMBERS THAT ATTACKED THE NAVAL BASE!



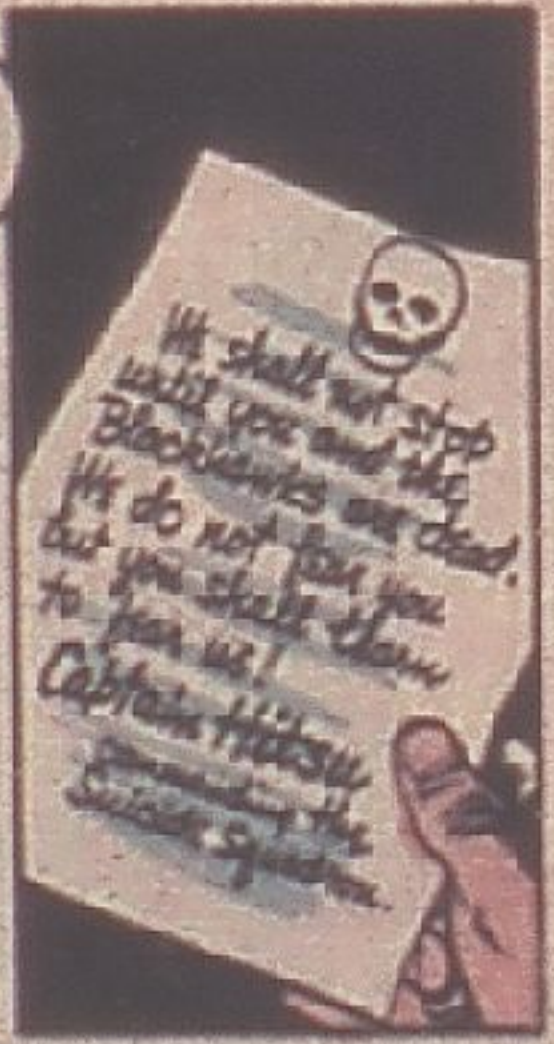
THOSE JAPS LIT OUT AWFULLY FAST! I SAW THE EXPLOSION AS WE APPROACHED PARENTO—BUT THERE WERE NO PLANES IN SIGHT WHEN WE ARRIVED!



BLACKHAWK!
SOMETHING'S WRONG! TAKE A LOOK AT THE ISLAND!



RUINS! THE JAPS CAME WHILE WE WERE GONE! THERE'S NOT A BUILDING LEFT INTACT!





The giant Strato-Zeppelin is escorted by Captain Hideo and his Suicide Squadron!

THE BLACKHAWKS!
WE ATTACK THEM!

The sky fills with the drone of mighty engines and the shriek of rending metal as two matchless Squadrons merge in a fight to the death!

THEY'RE TRYING TO CRASH INTO US! THEY DON'T MIND DYING IF THEY CAN TAKE US WITH THEM!

LEAD THEM AWAY! PRETEND TO RUN FOR IT!... I'M GOING AFTER THAT TEP!

SINGLE PLANE APPROACHING, CAPTAIN!

DO NOT TAKE CHANCES! INCREASE ALTITUDE!

THEY'RE GOING HIGHER! THIS PLANE HAS HIT ITS CEILING!

SO THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO!





KEEP HER NOSE
DOWN, CAPTAIN! MY
TRIGGER FINGER IS
ITCHY!



WH...
WHAT...?



TOO BAD
I CAN'T HAVE
EYES IN THE BACK
OF MY
HEAD!...



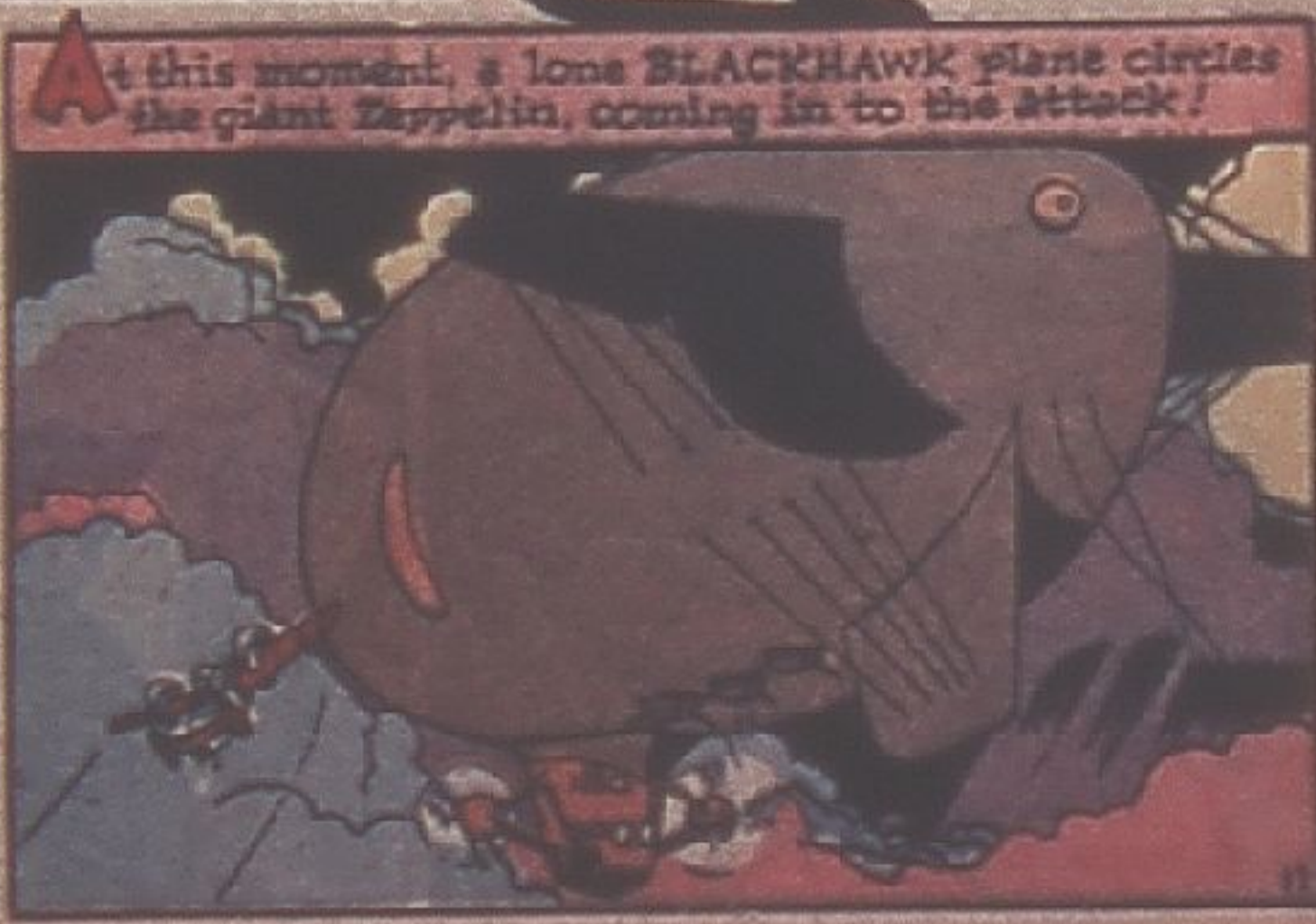
TO SAVE
MYSELF A
LOT OF
EXERCISE!

BANG!

OH-H!



ASCEND
AT ONCE—
BEFORE WE
ARE SEEN
BY ENEMY
PLANES!



At this moment, a lone BLACKHAWK plane circles
the giant Zeppelin, coming in to the attack!

In the cockpit, Stanislaus grips the stick with a firm hand as he begins to dive!

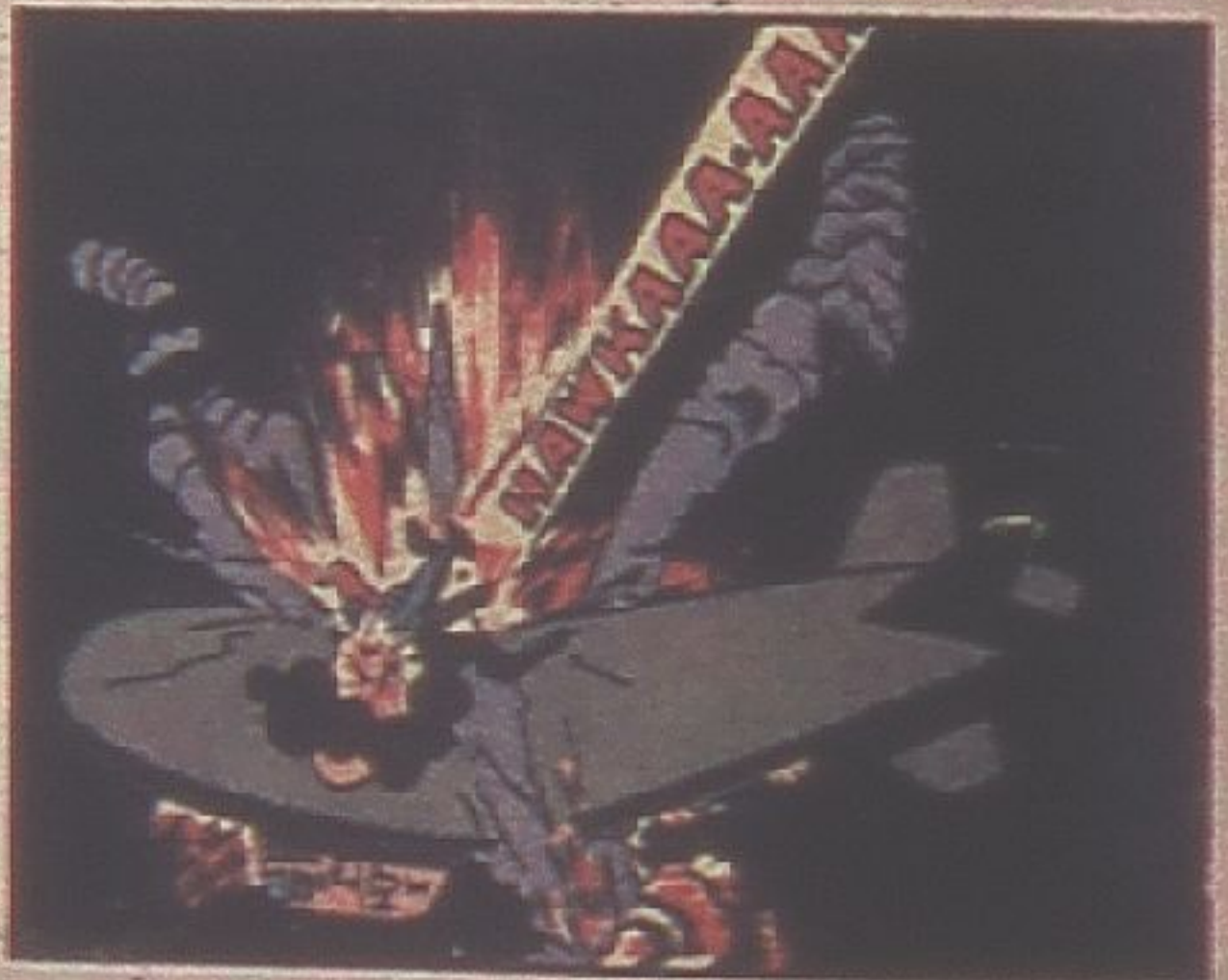


THAT ZEPPELIN
MAKES A TARGET
THAT EVEN A
BLIND MAN LIKE
MYSELF CAN'T
MISS!

A hail of fire
riddles the
diving plane!



I - I'M HIT!
BUT... I CAN
TAKE THAT
BAG OF WIND
WITH ME!



WE ARE LOST!
THAT MADMAN
HAS DESTROYED
US!



THAT'S THE
ONLY PARACHUTE!

IT'S MINE!
YOU CAN'T TAKE
IT FROM ME!



ONLY ONE
OF US CAN
LEAVE HERE
ALIVE!



IT WILL
NOT BE
YOU!



OBVIOUS of the
two men who
struggle for life,
a flaming monster
plunges earthward!



At last a lone figure leaps
for safety. The grim
fight for survival has ended!



And **BLACKHAWK**
is the victor!



INSTEAD
OF HIM,
I MIGHT
HAVE BEEN
IN THAT
FLAMING
COFFIN!

BUT HE WAS A MITE
TOO SELF-CONFIDENT!
HE STARTED COUNTING
ME OUT -- WHEN I
HADN'T EVEN BEGUN
TO FIGHT!





"AFTER HIS HEROIC DEEDS,
THE DARING AVIATOR WAS MET
BY A MULTITUDE OF ADMIRING
FRIENDS!" ... LOOKS AS IF
I'VE LANDED RIGHT IN
THE MIDDLE OF
NOWHERE!



SAY! THEY TELL
ME THIRSTY MEN SEE
MIRAGES OF WATER!
IT MUST BE
TRUE----



BECAUSE I'M PARCHED
FOR THE SOUND OF A PLANE
--AND I HEAR MOTORS
WARMING UP!



AN AIRDROME!
NOW I KNOW
IT'S A MIRAGE!



WE FORCED THE
BLACKHAWKS TO RUN!
AS SOON AS WE REFUEL,
WE GO AFTER THEM
AGAIN!

WE LOST
THREE PLANES,
CAPTAIN
HITEU!



WE SHALL
LOSE MANY MORE!
BUT HE SHALL NEVER
STOP UNTIL WE HAVE
RID THE WORLD OF
THE BLACKHAWKS!



AIEEEEE!
BLACKHAWK!!



SO SORRY!
I'VE GOT TO
BORROW THIS
HEAP!

SHOOT
HIM DOWN!
OH-WHH!



DEATH

by
JACK
COLE

PATROL

THAT GANG OF
ADVENTURERS IN
THE JAIL-BIRD
STRIPES IS BACK
AGAIN FOR ANOTHER
SLAP AT THEIR
FAVORITE TARGET:
THE NIPS!

THERE'S
NOTHING
LIKE
STARTING
THE STORY
OFF WITH
A BANG!



WELL THERE
GOES ANOTHER
JAP MUNITIONS
PLANT OUT OF
BUSINESS!

BOY, I'D GIVE
FIFTY BUCKS
TO SEE THE
EXPRESSION
ON TOJO'S
FACE RIGHT
NOW!

MAKE IT A
HUNDRED AND I'LL
GIVE YOU AN
IMITATION OF
MICKEY MOUSE!

ULP!







HEADS UP!



BILLIONS OF SQUARE FEET IN JAPAN — AND WE HAVE TLAND HERE!

I'M THINKING WE'LL BE BURIED HERE, TOO!

WELL, IT WAS A SHORT LIFE, BUT A FULL ONE!

THAT'S NOT HOW YOU SHOULD LIVE!



WE PAY HUMBLE HOMAGE TO YOU, ON SACRED ONES!

WELL, FER—?

CAN YOU TIE THAT? MT. FUJAMA IS A SACRED VOLCANO — THEY THINK WE'RE SACRED BECAUSE WE CAME IN CONTACT WITH IT!



YO MEAN THEY WON'T HARM US, NO MATTER WHAT??

LOOKS LIKE IT!



PARDON US, TOLD, WHILE WE BLOWS UP A FEW MO' O'YO FACTORIES!

OF COURSE!

BUT IF YOU WISH TO TIDY UP FIRST, THE ROYAL BATH IS AT YOUR DISPOSAL!



DID HE SAY BATH?? THATS FOR ME!

NO, BORIS — LET'S GET AWAY BEFORE THEY HAVE A CHANGE OF RELIGION!



BUT, DEL — IT'S SATURDAY NIGHT! AND BESIDES — THIS MUD, SHE'S STARTING TO CAKE!

MUD OR NO MUD — THE ANSWER IS STILL NO! NO! NO!



THE SNIPER



WHERE THE ENEMY LEAST EXPECTS HIM...
THERE'S WHERE YOU'LL FIND
THE SNIPER!!

THE KNICKS OF THE KIKADO
MEET HIM AND REMEMBER
THE EMOTION THEY
WERE FORBIDDEN
TO FEEL...

FEAR



ANOTHER VICTORY OF UNITED STATES MARINES
IS ANNOUNCED... AND THE SURVIVORS OF THE
FORCE THAT FACED THEM ARE MUSTERED
BEHIND JAPANESE LINES...

BUT THEY FOUGHT
TOO WELL! WE
HAD TO RETREAT!

SILENCE!
NO
EXCUSES!



BY RUNNING FROM THE
YANKEES YOU DISGRACED
JAPAN! GO FROM US!
MARCH INTO THE JUNGLE
—AND DON'T COME
BACK!



THIS MEANS WE
ARE DOOMED.
HONORABLE SIR?

NOT
QUITE
SERIOUS!
WE ARE
HEADING FOR
NEW DANGER
THAT MAY WIN
US PARDON!







TAKE CARE OF HIM, BOYS!
I'VE GOT FURTHER
BUSINESS BEYOND!



IF OTHER
JAPANESE
COME...

THE SNIPER
WILL ARRANGE
FOR JUST
THAT!



SERGEANT GO
TO FIND SNIPER.
TAKE ALL GLORY
FOR HIMSELF...

WE'LL MAKE
HIM SWEAT
FOR IT! FALL
IN, ALL MEN!
FOLLOW THE
GUIDE!



ROPE
BRIDGE
IS CUT
AWAY!

MY MEN WILL CUT THIS
TREE DOWN TO HELP
US ACROSS!



OUR GUIDE
GOING FAST
AHEAD! WE
LOSE HIM!

QUICK!
FOLLOW!



EASY SO FAR!
NO DANGER—
OH!

THE
SNIPER
SHOT
HIM!



LOOK!
THE SERGEANT—
DEAD!

QUICK,
DIG IN!



THEY'RE DIGGING
A TRENCH FASTER
THAN LIGHTNING!
BULLETS WON'T
GET THEM
THERE!

BUT MY
LITTLE
JUNGLE
ALLIES
WILL
ATTACK
FOR US!





RETREAT ALONG THE
RAVINE! IT IS GROWING
DARK—WE CAN HIDE!



RIGHT, AND THE SHATTERED
REMNANT OF THE JAPANESE
UNIT STOPS ITS FLIGHT!

I HAVE POSTED
SENTRIES,
HONORABLE SIR!

GOOD, CORPORAL!
VISIT ALL
POSTS—TELL
THEM TO
WATCH WELL!



HAVE YOU SEEN
ANYTHING? WHY
DON'T YOU ANSWER?



HE HAS BEEN
KILLED!

OF COURSE! WE
DIED EASILY IN
THE DARK!



YOU—
THE
SNIPER!

WHO DID YOU
EXPECT? PRIVATE
DOGTAG?



THEY'RE
ATTACKING
IN THE
NIGHT!



WHAT
HAPPENED
?

THE
SNIPER—
AGGGHH!



SHOT DEAD IN THE DARK—
THE SNIPER IS A DEADLY
RIFLEMAN—EVEN A **SOUND**
IS TARGET ENOUGH!







THE OTHERS DIED BY LEAD... YOU DIE BY STEEL!



ONE STILL LIVES!

SO I SEE! GET UP, YOU!



YOU'LL KILL ME, TOO?

NO! GO BACK TO THE MAIN JAPANESE FORCE... AND TAKE THAT HEAD WITH YOU!



LATER... THE SOLE SURVIVOR RETURNS AND IS BROUGHT BEFORE THE COMMANDER...

HONORABLE SIR, THE SNIPER KILLED ALL BUT ME—SENT ME WITH THIS MESSAGE TO SHOW YOU...

IN THAT SACK? OPEN IT!



IT IS THE HEAD OF OUR OFFICER!

THAT FACE! THAT FACE OF FEAR!



TAKE IT AWAY!... I CANNOT LOOK AT IT!



YOU CAN SEE THEIR GENERAL? WILL YOU SHOOT HIM?

NO! LET HIM LIVE... AND TELL THE OTHERS THE MEANING OF THE TERROR THEY MUST FACE!

FOLLOW THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF THE SNIPER IN HIS RELENTLESS BATTLE AGAINST THE JAPS IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF MILITARY COMICS!

JOHNNY DOUGHBOY



PRIVATE

PRIVATE
EARTY TAMEY

DOGTAG

THE WORLD'S DUMBEST SOLDIER!

QUIET, PLEASE!
I'M GONNA KEEP
TRYING THIS TRICK
UNTIL I MAKE
IT WORK!

YOW!
OW!
OW!

ALL HIS LIFE,
PRIVATE DOGTAG HAD
NURSED A SECRET
YEARNING — TO BE A
MAGICIAN'S ASSISTANT!
...THEN CAME
OPPORTUNITY
KNOCKING... IN THE FORM
OF A U.S.O. CAMP
SHOW STARRING
MIGHTY MYSTO,
THE WORLD'S GREATEST
MAGICIAN! ...

MYSTO THOUGHT HE
COULD RUN HIS SHOW
WITHOUT PRIVATE
DOGTAG'S VALUABLE
ASSISTANCE — WHICH
TURNED OUT TO BE A
MISTAKE!

BUT THEN, HOW COULD
MYSTO KNOW THAT
DOGTAG IS NO MEAN
MAGICIAN HIMSELF
— WHEN IT COMES
TO MAKING VITAL
MILITARY
EQUIPMENT AND
IMPORTANT
PERSONAGES
VANISH IN A MOST
BEWILDERING
MANNER ???

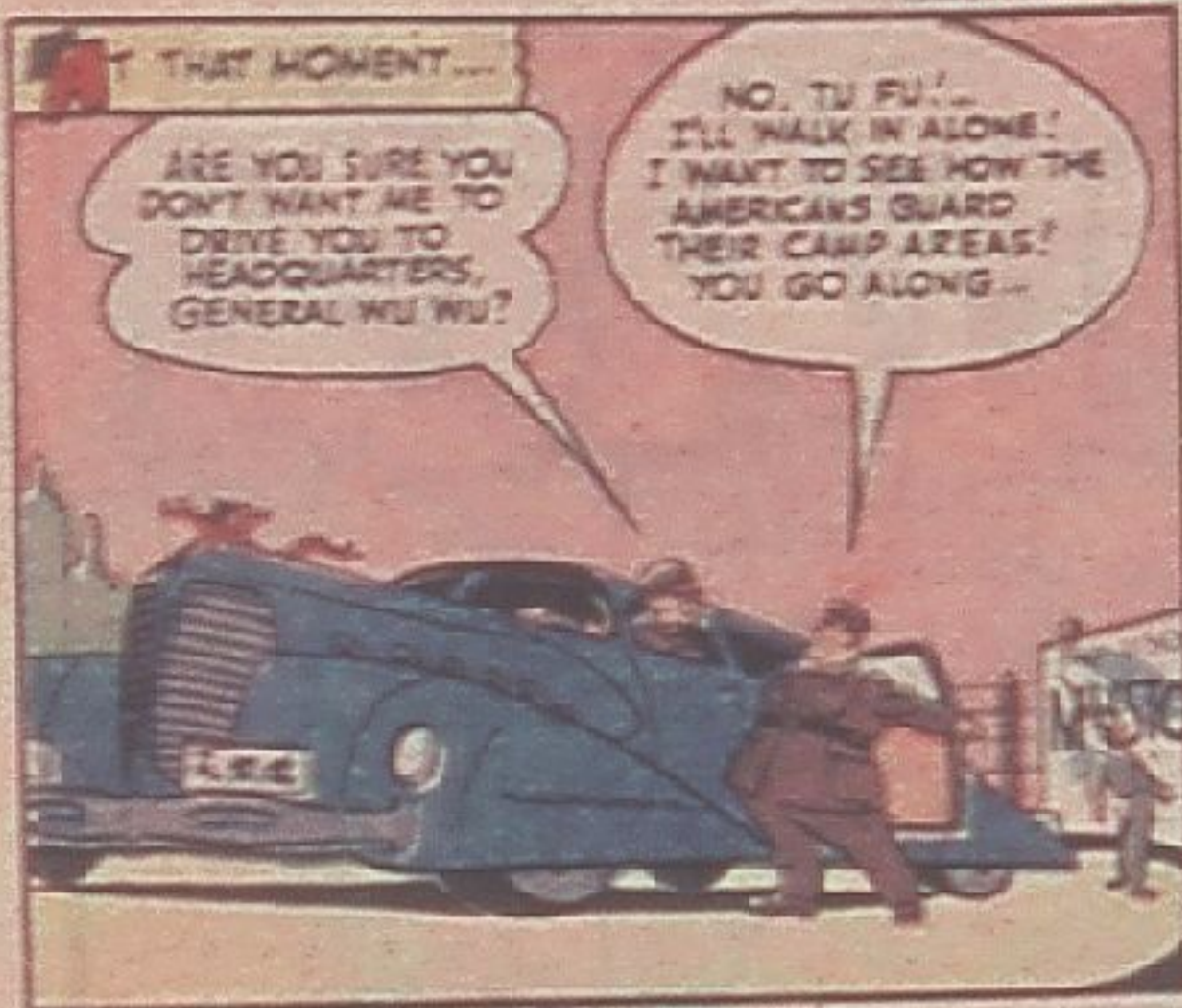
THREE O'CLOCK! —
GENERAL HU HU IS LATE
FOR HIS INSPECTION
OF THE CAMP!

I HOPE NOTHING'S
HAPPENED! HE'S CHUCK
GREATEST MILITARY LEADER
AND THIS IS HIS FIRST
VISIT TO AMERICA!

HOW COULD
ANYTHING
HAPPEN WHEN
A STERLING
HERO LIKE
PRIVATE
DOGTAG
GUARDS
THE MAIN
ENTRANCE
TO CAMP ??

GOSH! MYSTO THE MAGICIAN!
I'M NOT SMART ENOUGH TO BE
A GREAT MAGICIAN — BUT I
WISH I COULD BECOME A
MAGICIAN'S ASSISTANT!

BE HERE CAMP SHOW TONIGHT!
MYSTO THE WORLD'S
GREATEST MAGICIAN!
AND A STAR STUNNER SHOW
OF ENTERTAINMENT!





—AND ANOTHER THING, YOU INSECURIC CROSS BETWEEN A MORON AND A LOW-GRADE IDIOT — YOU FUZZ-WIT — YOU LAKE-BRAIN — YOU —

GULP!
Y-YES, SIR!



JUST FOR THAT, YOU'LL SPEND THE AFTERNOON LEARNING TO PACK AND UNPACK THE NEW ARMY SUBSISTENCE KIT!



AND REMEMBER — THE CONTENTS OF THAT PACK ARE A MILITARY SECRET! — SO DON'T LET IT OUT OF YOUR SIGHT FOR A SECOND!

Y-YES, SIR!
— I MEAN,
NO, SIR!



I'M ALWAYS MAKING MISTAKES! IF I DIDN'T KNOW MYSELF BETTER, I'D THINK I WAS JUST PLAIN DUMB!



MEANWHILE, AT THE STUDIO OF MIGHTY MYSTO, THE MAGICIAN...

THERE, MY DEAR KAREN... WE'RE ALL READY FOR THE BIG U.S.O. SHOW TONIGHT!

BUT WHY THE ARMY PACK?



THAT'S MY BIG SURPRISE! ALL MY BIG MAGIC EFFECTS ARE PACKED IN THIS KIT! I'LL COME ON, DRESSED LIKE A SOLDIER...

AND PULL ALL YOUR TRICKS OUT OF YOUR PACK! — THAT'S A SPLENDID IDEA!

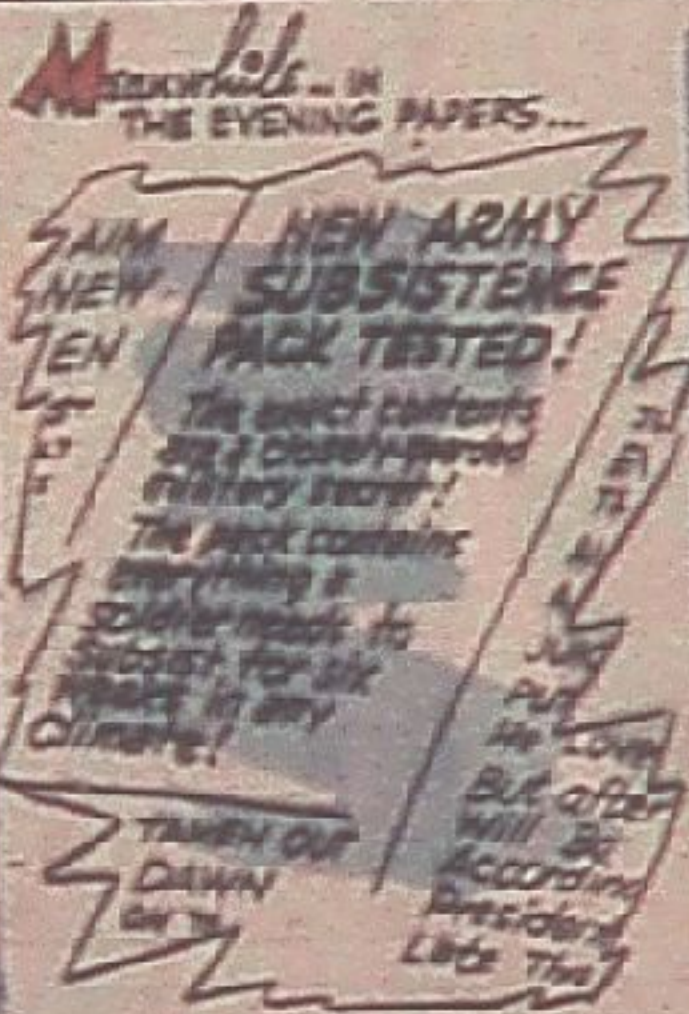


YOU'LL BE UNDER THE TRAP DOOR OF THE STAGE! AS A GRAND FINALE, I PULL YOU OUT OF MY PACK — UP THROUGH THIS HIDDEN FLAP!

THAT'S GOOD! YOU'LL WOW THE SOLDIERS WITH THAT ROUTINE!









SSSSST!...
HONORABLE SILENCE,
AMERICAN PIG!
YOU ARE IGNOBLE
PRISONER OF
JAPANESE!

U-HUH?



AW, NO, YA DON'T
FELLAS! I BIT ON
THAT ONCE! YOU
CHINESE GUYS DON'T
FOOL ME AGAIN!
THE SARGE SAID
THERE WERE NO
JAPS AROUND.



BUT HE HONORABLE
JAPANESE! WE KILL, WE
TORTURE, WE TEAR APART
IF YOU NOT COME
QUIETLY WITH
US!



SOME KIDDERS,
YOU TWO! HAHA!
SURE, I'LL GO
ALONG! DIDN'T
THE SARGE SAY
TO TREAT
VISITING CHINESE
WITH RESPECT!

HONORABLE
TOJO
RIGHT!
ALL
AMERICANS
CRATY!



GOSH—YOU
GUYS THINK
OF EVERYTHING!
EVEN A
JAP FLAG!
HA-HA!

NOW, YOU
SHOW US CONTENTS
OF HONORABLE
PACK—OR
HONORABLE
ELSE!



SURE—
I GUESS
IT'S
OKAY—

YI-HA-HA! BE
CAREFUL! HONORABLE
APPLE-BOMBS
POWERFUL ENOUGH
TO BLOW UP WHOLE
CITY AT A JAP!



SARGE SAID
NOT TO LET
THIS OUTA MY
SIGHT! BUT HE
DIDN'T SAY
NOT TO SHOW
IT TO OUR
FIGHTING
ALLIES!

GET
BRUSH AND
PAPER, SHIGO!
READY
TO MAKE
HONORABLE
LIST OF
CONTAININGS!



WHAT??
HOW'D
THEY GET
IN THERE?

OH,
INGENIOUSNESS!
WRITE
HASTILY,
SHIGO!

I
WRITE!



ULP!
WHAT'S
THAT FOR?
I D-DON'T
REMEMBER!

WHAT DELIGHTFULS!
CARRIER FISH
FOR SUBMARINE
MESSAGES!
AMERICANS
THINK OF
EVERYTHING!





EVERYBODY'S AT THE USO SHOW! I'LL FIND THE LIEUTENANT AND TELL HIM WHAT HAPPENED!



AND NOW, MIGHTY MYSTO WILL SHOW YOU HIS VERSION OF A SOLDIER'S PACK OF DREAMS...

YAAA!... 'RAY FOR MYSTO! WHAT'RE YOU DOING, CUTIE? -AFTER THE SHOW! THEE-TWEEEEE!



A SOLDIER, WORKING OUT FROM A DAY'S MARCHING, OPENS HIS PACK OF DREAMS, AND...



EEEEEEOW!

BOOM!



BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!



EX-EXCUSE ME, BUT I THINK I MADE A SLIGHT MISTAKE WHEN I PICKED UP MY PACK, THIS AFTERNOON...

A SLIGHT MISTAKE?

Later



DIDN'T YOU TELL HIM WE ONLY WANT TO GIVE HIM A MEDAL - FOR CAPTURING THOSE JAP SPIES?

YES, SIR! BUT HE SAYS HE WON'T COME OUT UNTIL HE GETS A LETTER FROM MYSTO - POSTMARKED AUSTRALIA!

DOSTAS HAS DISAPPEARED - BUT YOU'LL SEE HIM AGAIN IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF MILITARY COMICS!

SALT FOR THE NEW GOD

THE huts dotted the small clearing like so many gopher mounds. It was a small village, but its inhabitants were savage head hunters.

The Chief was O-mahi, who knew much big medicine. He could make the giant anaconda snake dance to his weird music, and lizards flick their tongues whenever he rattled his pebble-filled gourds.

O-mahi was a power in his tribe. They feared him and revered him. Best of all, they obeyed him.

O-mahi was a great leader, but seldom did his tribe make war on other tribes in the great Amazon Basin. O-mahi had other ways to bend the tribes to his will. Strategy, that's what O-mahi practiced.

The other tribes of the valley had to come to O-mahi because he owned the only salt lick in the valley. In fact, O-mahi owned a whole bare ledge of salt. The tribesmen liked their salt, and so they paid well for the privilege of obtaining monthly handouts of the precious white stuff.

O-mahi kept a constant guard posted around his salty treasure. Day and night hidden natives with poison-dart-loaded blowguns kept vigil. There had been several attempts to wrest O-mahi's salt away from him by other tribes, but always they had been thwarted.

O-mahi had acquired a vast quantity of gold and even a sack or two of diamonds in exchange for his salt. These valuable things he kept buried

in a pen where a half dozen lethal snakes held sway. Nobody had the temerity to enter that pen except O-mahi, who had a way with reptiles.

Just what he was going to do with his gold and gems he did not quite know. Except that he had heard that white men prized such things above all else. So he bided his time and waited for a white man to come along.

A white man came along. It was Notch O'Hara, a blustering, two-fisted Irishman who was out for no good. In fact, Notch was an escaped murderer who had served five years on Devil's Island. Notch had killed a guard and fled the prison, roaming the jungles of Brazil for five months after getting away from the swamps near Cayenne. He had heard vaguely about old O-mahi and his gold. And he had heard about how the other tribes had to pay O-mahi for their meager quotas of salt.

Notch had a plan brewing in his crafty brain. He had heard tales about white men setting themselves up as gods among native tribes. The idea struck him as a good one.

Notch O'Hara wanted to be a god. He meant to be one, too!

The big Irishman plodded through the dense jungle, the stolen rifle slung under one arm, the stolen pistol sticking in his belt. Notch felt elated. Everything was rosy. Soon he would be in the big valley where the tribes traded with wily old O-mahi.

Notch reached the northern entrance of the valley toward evening. The sun stretched a green-gold carpet down across the sloping vastness, shutting out all other sign of life. But down there, under that impenetrable greenness, life stirred—savage, deadly life!

Notch hitched his belt up a bit and lighted his black old briar.

"One side, Injuns, here I come!"

He swung off down the tangled trail, making his way carefully, dreaming and planning all the while. He was going down there to be a god!

Notch made camp half way down the valley that night and dreamed of his forthcoming status as a deity—with much gold.

At dawn he was up and soon on his way. He had seen no natives as yet, but "sign" was plentiful. Once he saw a skeleton lying in the bushes. He shivered. Some poor devil who had stopped a dart.

They materialized suddenly out of the jungle all around him—a hundred or more little evil-looking imps of Satan. They were painted weirdly, and each held a blowgun ready. One of them—he was very fat and his face was painted a solid black—held up his right hand.

"Senor," he said in Spanish, "what do you want in the country of the Wiharros?"

Notch answered, in Spanish, "I'm Notch O'Hara, and I come in friendship. I come

from a distant land—up there." He pointed straight upward.

The Indians looked up, muttering. The chief said, "I am a great medicine man."

"I too am a great medicine man," Notch replied. He pulled a small paper packet from his pocket and flicked his cigar lighter under his cupped hand. He hurled the paper a few feet in front of the chief. Instantly a blinding plume of red fire enveloped everything.

There was a momentary silence, then the Indians burst into screams and went crashing off through the jungle. Only the chief remained. He had fallen on his knees. Now, with the flame gone, he looked as if he had been hit squarely between the eyes. He sputtered, rubbed his staring eyes, and stood up abruptly.

"Dios!" he exclaimed. "You are a god!"

"I am," said Notch. "I can produce much more great medicine. I can kill you where you stand, and all your tribe, or I can bring peace and many blessings to you all."

"Come, O Great One," cried the chief. "Come to my humble village where we shall feast."

Notch felt good as he strode along beside the short, fat chief. It had worked. He was a god! Now he would start playing his cards to the limit.

It took Notch only a day to get himself "in" well with the tribe. Then he offered his plan to the chief, who was named Moku. His plan was to obtain all of old O-mahi's salt. He drew a small packet from his pocket and showed it to the chief.

"With this," he said, "I shall

kill all of O-mahi's people. Then we shall take all of their salt."

Notch waited two nights—till it rained. There would be no guards at the salt ledge on a stormy night.

Arrived at the ledge, he very carefully set his trap and departed.

It was three nights later that one of Moku's runners reported that half of O-mahi's people were dead and many others dying.

So Moku led a small force to the ledge the next day and, while they broke off great chunks to stow in hammocks and hampers, Notch stalked to the village of O-mahi. Everyone there was dead. It was a terrible sight, but it hardly touched the cruel hearted Notch.

Notch ransacked the huts thoroughly, finding nothing of value. Then he saw the pit of snakes.

"Ah!" he exclaimed. "That's it. Them snakes are guardin' the old boy's gold cache!"

Notch very methodically shot the reptiles and then began digging in the middle of the arena. It did not take him long to find the gold—a dozen or more heavy leather sacks of it, and two crammed full of rough, uncut diamonds.

Notch buried his wealth in another place outside O-mahi's dead village and went back to Moku's clearing. The tribe was having a great party in celebration of finding the salt. Now Moku owned it, and the other tribes would have to pay him for their share.

Chief Moku prostrated himself in front of Notch.

"O Great One," he cried, "our lives are yours for send-

ing this joy to us!"

"Okay, big shot," said Notch in English. "I can guess you're right there, but I won't be needin' nothin' from you guys, so I'll trot on in a little while."

He gave a demonstration of his "magic" that evening by way of a personal send-off. He had brought several papers of colored 4th of July "fire" with him, some firecrackers and rockets. It was a great show for the tribesmen and they screamed their delight.

Moku was dazzled. He was also drunk on the strong native beer. Everyone there was tipsy. Notch felt a shot or two might help.

Moku held out a heavy solid gold goblet which had belonged to the late O-mahi. It was filled with stale beer. Notch took it and drained it. The stuff tasted salty, but then the natives put plenty of salt in everything, as a sort of tribute to their gods.

Notch then left for his secret cache, after a brief leave-taking from Moku and the tribe. He told them that he would be back soon.

But Notch had called the wrong name. It was a long time afterward that another tribe found what remained of Notch O'Hara. He was lying sprawled across the half-opened hole in which he had buried his plunder. He was not a nice sight. He was dead. Nobody will ever know it, but Notch really killed himself when he sent all those others to their death, including Moku and his people. Moku had put salt in Notch's beer, as he had all the other mugs of brew. And that salt had been poisoned with arsenic by Notch himself.

NAVY

STORIES OF MILITARY
ACTION AT SEA
Section 2.

PT BOAT

Neither OF THE TWO MEN HAD MUCH
IN COMMON WITH THE REST OF THE CREW!
ONE WAS A FORMER NAVAL OFFICER, IN
DISGRACE -- AND THE OTHER HAD ALL THE
PRESTIGE AND TRADITION OF A FINE FAMILY
TO UPHOLD!

THEY WERE ASSIGNED TO THE PT BOTS,
TO FIGHT BESIDE FAMED PAUL HARVEY
AND PERRY TOBIAS! THEIR DIFFICULT AND
DANGEROUS JOB CALLED FORTH EXTREMES
OF COURAGE AND DEVOTION -- AND EVEN
COWARDICE -- THAT NOBODY COULD
HAVE FORESEEN!

Paul
HarveyPerry
Tobias



Later...

THE FASTEST SHIPS ON THE SEA SET OUT ON THEIR MISSION...



WE'RE MORE INTERESTED IN LOCATING THE HIDE-OUT THAN SINKING THE SUB! IF YOU SPOT THE SUB, TRY TO FOLLOW HIM WHEREVER HE'S HEADED! ONCE WE KNOW HIS POSITION, IT WILL BE EASY TO PUT HIM OUT OF ACTION!



IN THE FIRST TORPEDO BOAT ARE VETERANS PAUL HARVEY AND PERRY TOBIAS

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF ENSIGN PLATT? HE LOOKS A LITTLE WET BEHIND THE EARS!

IF HE'S ANYTHING LIKE HIS FATHER, HE'S GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT!



IN THE SECOND BOAT ARE ENSIGN PLATT AND PETTY OFFICER MATTSON

I'VE CHECKED THE TORPEDOES, SIR!



SAY -- I REMEMBER YOU NOW! YOU'RE JOHN MATTSON! THE MAN WHO ...

ANYTHING ELSE, SIR!



THE NAVY MUST BE CRAZY TO LET MEN LIKE YOU GET BACK IN ACTION! -- RETURN TO YOUR STATION!



WE'LL SEPARATE HERE! THAT WILL GIVE US A BETTER CHANCE TO LOCATE THE SUB!





SAY!—
DID YOU
NOTICE WHO'S
TIDING WITH
ENSIGN
PLATT?

YOU MEAN
JOHN
HATTSON?



SURE! HE HAD
A COMMANDER'S GRADE
HIMSELF, UNTIL HE
DISOBEYED ORDERS
DURING THE BATTLE
OF THE SKONDA SEA!
HE ATTACKED TWO
JAP CRUISERS WITH
A DESTROYER—AND
LOST HIS SHIP!

MOST OF
HIS CREW,
TOO!



THE NAVY
BROKE HIM!
HE DESERVES
CREDIT FOR
STARTING AT
THE BOTTOM
OF THE
LADDER
AGAIN!

PAUL!—
LOOK
OVER
THERE!



THAT JAP SUB'S
ON THE PROWL! AND
HE CAN'T BE FAR FROM
HERE! THIS SHIP WAS
TORPEDOED IN THE
PAST HOUR!

NO TRACE
OF ANY
SURVIVORS!



MEANWHILE, ABOARD
ENSIGN PLATT'S TORPEDO
BOAT, AN ENEMY
PERISCOPE IS SIGHTED!

READY DEPTH
CHARGES! WE'RE
GOING TO
ATTACK!



OUR ORDERS
ARE TO
FOLLOW
THE SUB,
SIR!

I WON'T
PASS UP
A CHANCE
LIKE
THIS!



THERE GOES THE
LAST CHARGE! WE'LL
BLOW THAT SUB TO
THE SURFACE!

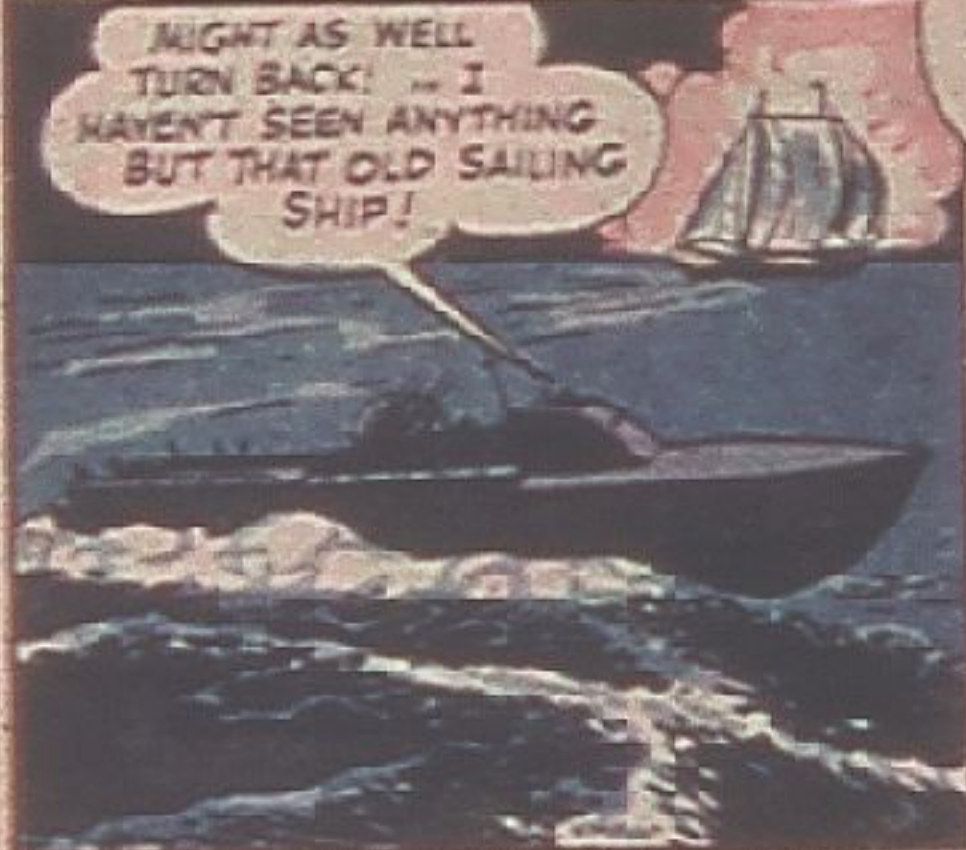


NOT A SIGN
OF THE SUB!
AND NO SURFACE
OIL!

WE MISSED
HER, BUT
WE'LL PICK
UP THE TRAIL
AGAIN!

THE TWO PT BOATS SEPARATE! ...
THEN, AFTER AN HOUR'S PATROL

MIGHT AS WELL
TURN BACK! -- I
HAVEN'T SEEN ANYTHING
BUT THAT OLD SAILING
SHIP!



SOMETHING
SUSPICIOUS ABOUT
THAT SHIP, SIR!
THE CREW LOOKS
LIKE JAPANESE
TO ME!



THE JAPS
WOULDN'T
COME OUT
IN
SCHOONERS,
MATTSON!
GO BACK TO
YOUR POST!

BY GEORGE!
THEY HAVE
A SMALL
GUN ON
DECK!

YOU
HEARD
MY ORDERS!
WE'RE
TURNING
BACK!



WE'D
BETTER
INVESTIGATE!

I'M IN COMMAND,
MATTSON! I
SAID WE'RE GOING
BACK! -- NO
MURDERER IS
GOING TO TELL
ME WHAT
TO DO!



YOU YOUNG
FOOL! YOU
ASKED FOR
THIS!



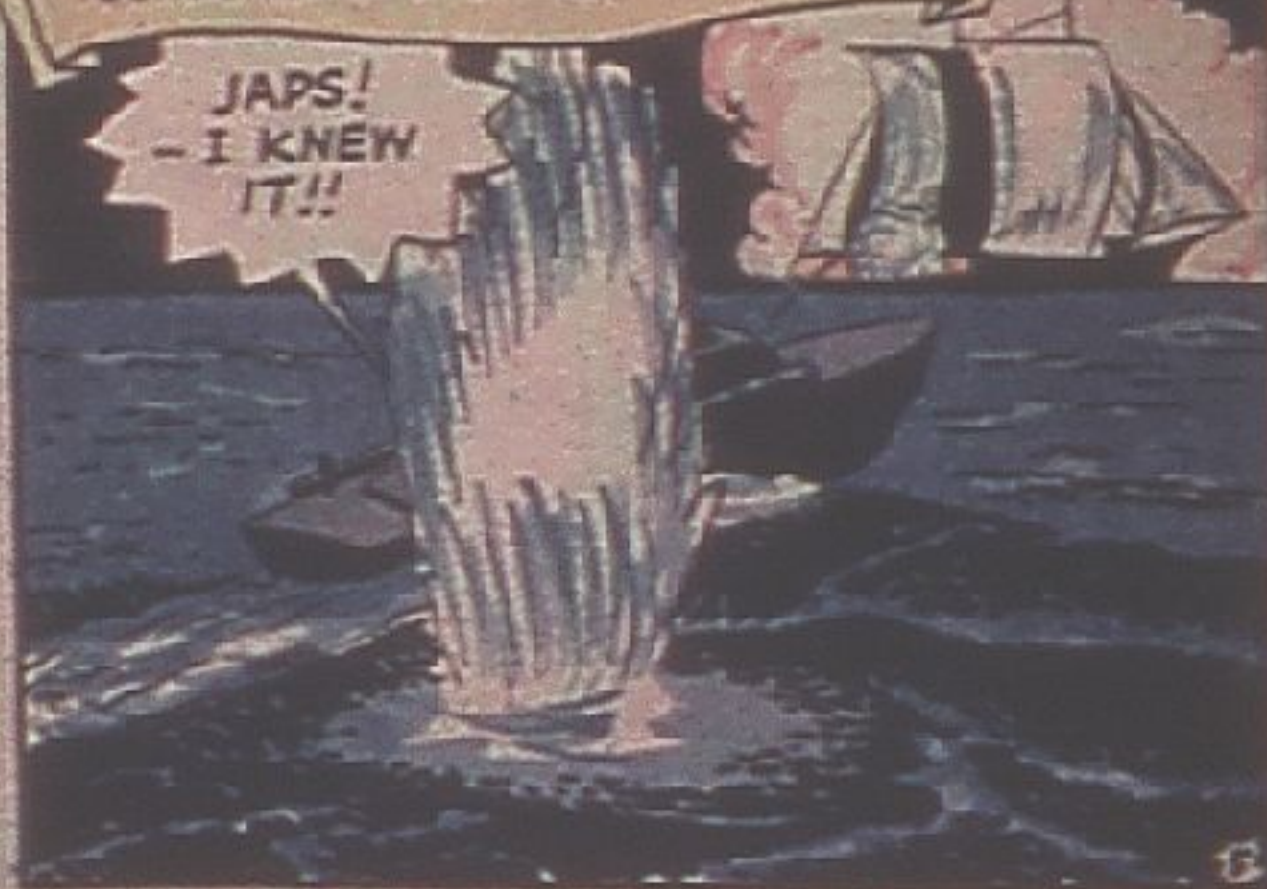
PULL UP
ALONGSIDE
THE
SCHOONER!

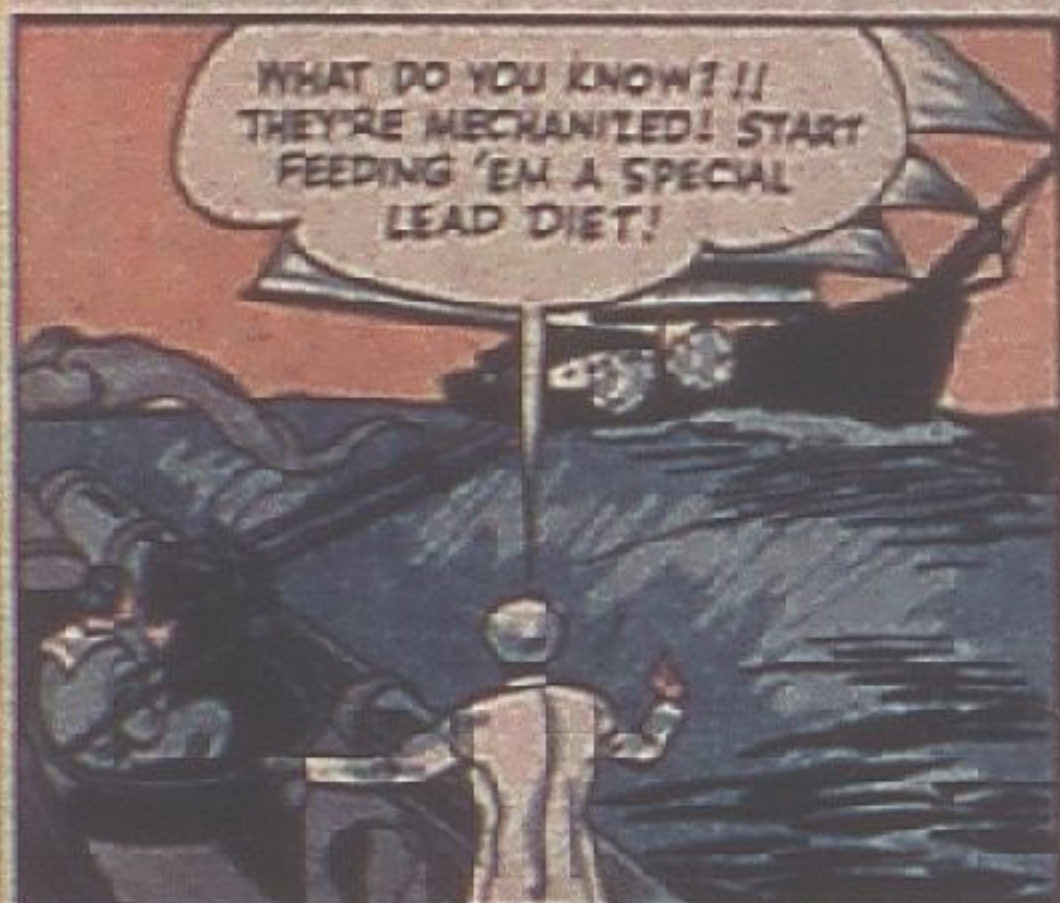
YOU STRUCK YOUR
SUPERIOR OFFICER!
YOU'LL BE
COURT-MARTIALED
FOR THIS,
MATTSON!



AT THIS MOMENT, THE INNOCENT LOOKING
SCHOONER OPENS FIRE!

JAPS!
-- I KNEW
IT!!







LOOK!



A PERISCOPE!
THAT JAP
SUB IS
BACK
AGAIN!

SHE WAS
LUCKING
BENEATH
THE
SCHOONER!



WE HAVEN'T
ANY DEPTH
CHARGES!
WE'LL ATTACK
WITH MACHINE-
GUNS! THOSE
FIFTY-CALIBRE
SLUGS CAN
PIERCE
ARMOR!

YOU'RE
CRAZY!



WE HAVEN'T
A CHANCE!
THAT SUB
WILL BLOW
US OUT OF
THE WATER!

GIVE ME
THAT
WHEEL!

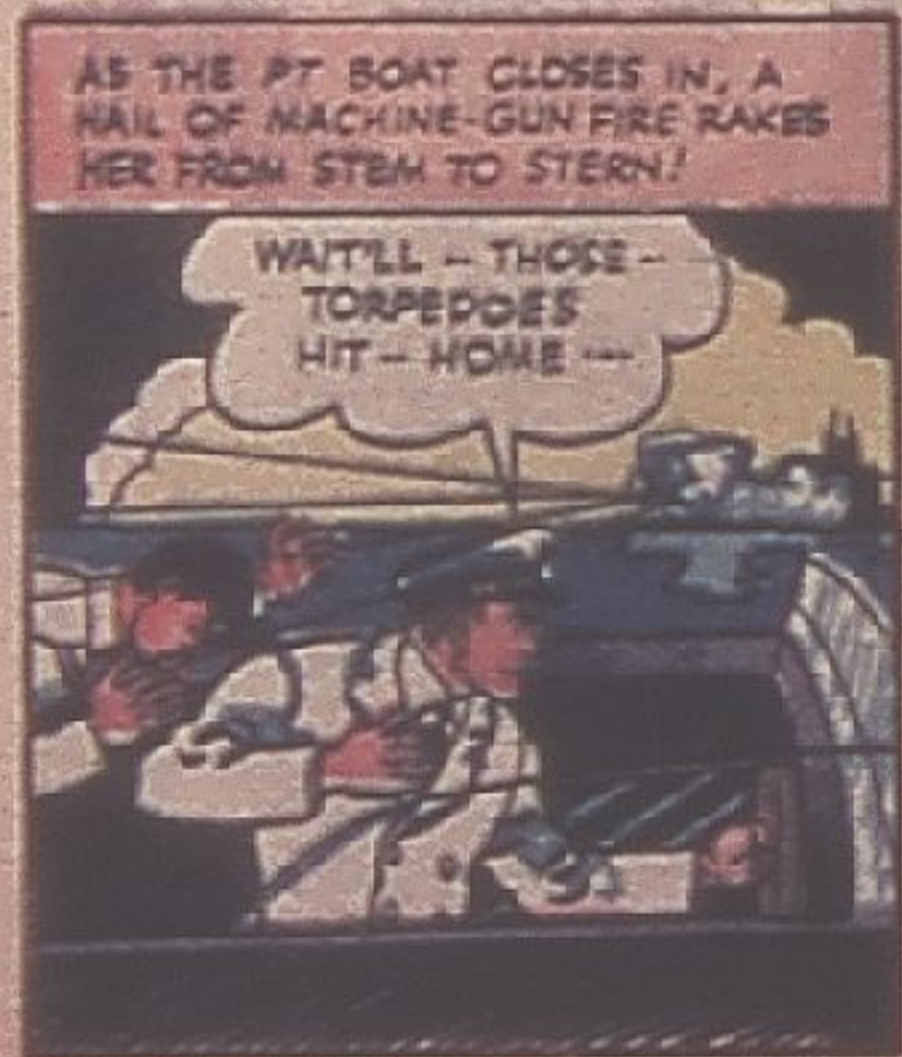


轟轟轟!!
SINK YANKEE
DEVIL
BOAT!



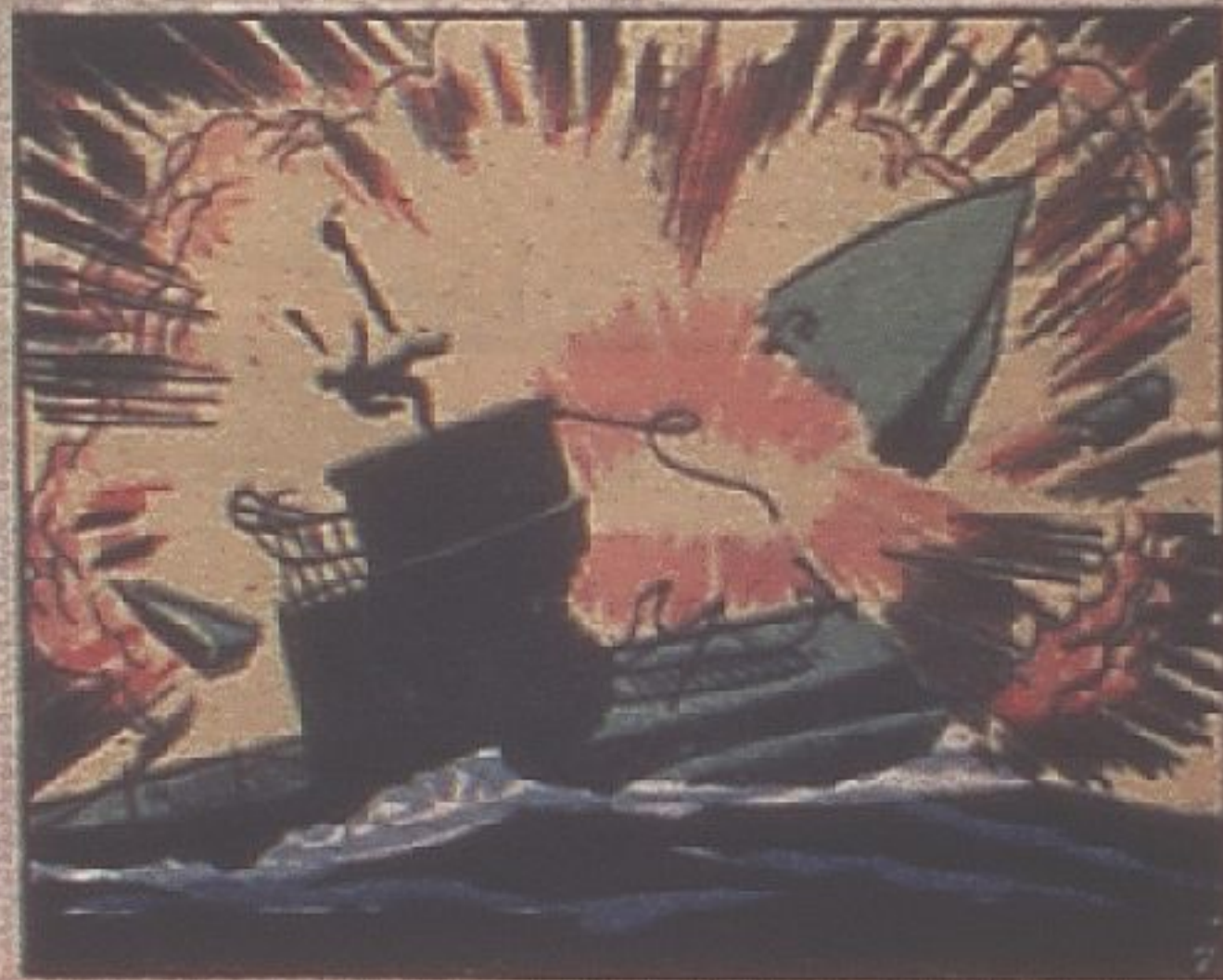
THEY'LL
KILL US!
TURN
BACK!

JUMP FOR
IT! WE'RE
FINISHED!
BUT I'M
TAKING THAT
JAP TO
BLAZES
WITH US!

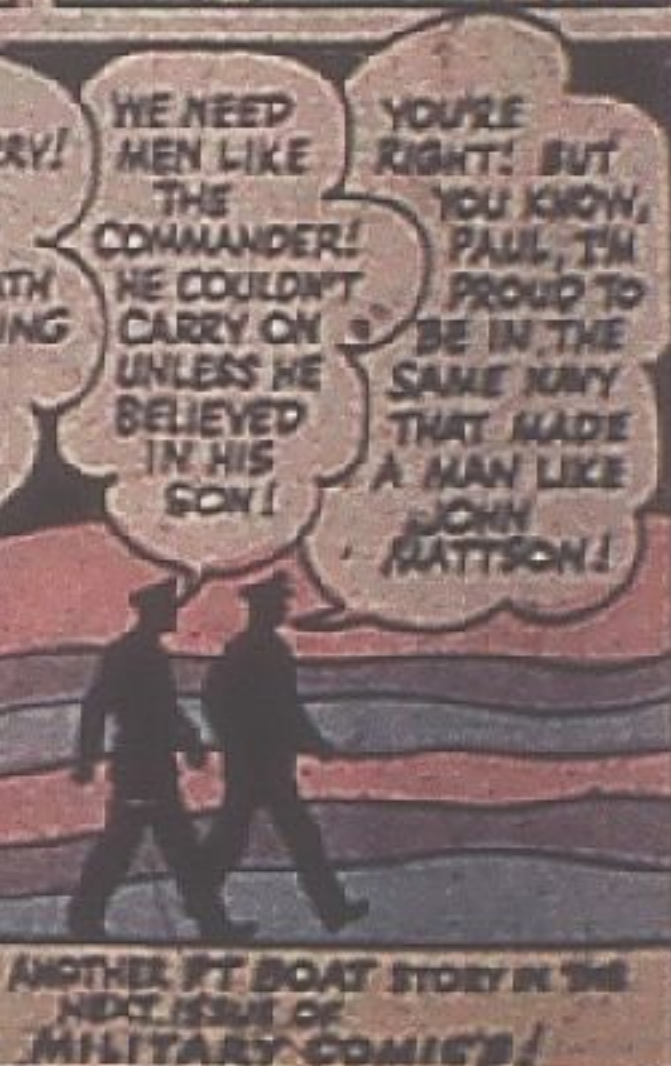


AS THE PT BOAT CLOSES IN, A
HAIL OF MACHINE-GUN FIRE RAKES
HER FROM STEM TO STERN!

WAIT'LL — THOSE —
TORPEDOES
HIT — HOME —







ANOTHER PT BOAT STORY IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF MILITARY COMICS!

PACIFIC PATROL

RICHARD C. WOODMAN, ARM2C

IN A UNITED STATES NAVY GRUMMAN AVENGER TORPEDO BOMBER ON THE LOOKOUT FOR A JAP CRUISER NEAR SANTA CRUZ, IS RADIO-MAN-GUNNER DICK WOODMAN, ARM2C OF EVERETT, MASSACHUSETTS...

THE LAST TIME I POURED LEAD AT A CRUISER WAS AT MIDWAY!

THAT WAS A GOOD JOB, DICK! YOU DESERVED THE AIR MEDAL THEY AWARDED YOU!



THERE'S THE CRUISER! AND SO'S THE WHOLE JAP FLEET! WE'VE GOT TO GO IN AND GET THAT SHIP! IT'S UP TO YOU DICK TO KEEP AWAY THE ENEMY FIGHTERS. HERE WE GO!

AS THE DARING "T.B.F." SELECTS ITS TARGET IT IS ATTACKED BY DEADLY JAP ZEROS...

GET 'EM, DICK!

WITH THIS GUN HOW CAN I MISS?

WELL DONE, WOODMAN. NOW I CAN LAUNCH OUR "FISH" AT THE CRUISER!

IT'S OFF! AND HEADED STRAIGHT AMIDSHIPS!

YOU GOT IT! LOOK AT THAT CRUISER BLOW UP!

YES, I GOT IT! BUT ONLY BECAUSE YOU SHOT DOWN THOSE ZEROS WHEN I WAS MAKING MY RUN ON THE TARGET... THE NAVY NEEDS MORE AIR CREWMEN LIKE YOU TO BLAST THE NIPS OUT OF THE SKY!

WHAM!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★
True
Stories
Of Daring
War Adventures

Secret War News

★ ★ ★ ★ ★
Reported Exclusively
for this Magazine
by our Ace
Correspondent

This is an actual story based upon inside facts gathered from U.S.N. Information Bureau

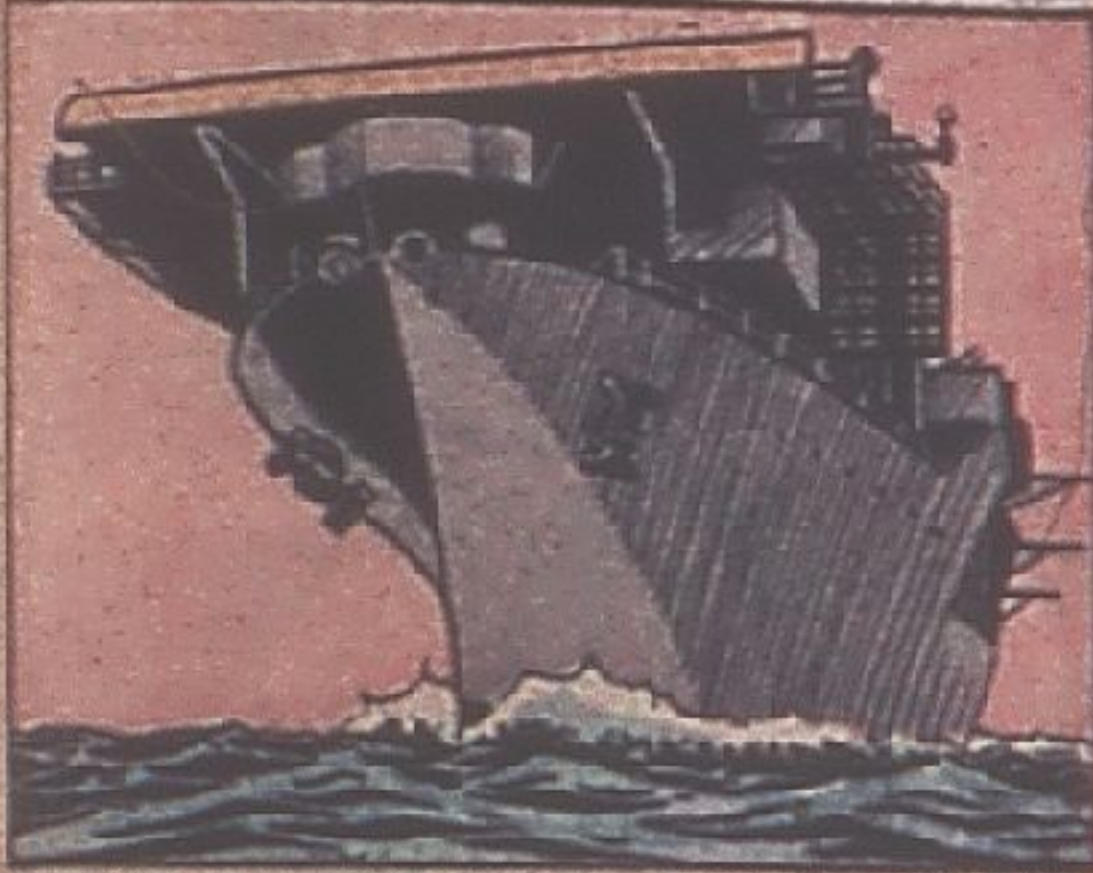
"MURDEROUS MANNIE" DOWNS 12 JAP ZEROS

Lieutenant Harold "Murderous Mannie" Segal of New York City shot down two Japanese Zero fighters over Rabaul to bring his total to twelve and take the lead among the United States Marine pilots of the Wake Avenger squadron. This squadron is named for the airmen who defended Wake Island and has bagged fifty enemy planes in three weeks of combat. Lieutenant Segal is known as "Murderous Mannie" to his companions and his exploits have won him the Distinguished Flying Cross.

In one engagement, Lieutenant Segal and Captain Swett encountered forty Zeros and twenty-seven bombers. "Murderous Mannie" got three Zeros on this occasion but he, himself, was shot down and suffered a broken nose and the loss of two teeth. A destroyer picked him up the next day.



INTO THE JAP INFESTED SOUTH PACIFIC STEAMS AN AMERICAN AIRCRAFT CARRIER...



WON'T BE LONG BEFORE WE GET A CHANCE TO BATTLE THE JAPS!

AND GET REVENGE FOR WHAT THEY DID TO THE MARINE AIRMEN ON WAKE, SATAN AND CORRESPOND!

THAT'S AN IDEA FOR OUR SQUADRON'S NAME! LET'S CALL OURSELVES THE "WAKE AVENGERS"!



OKAY, YOU WAKE AVENGERS! GET READY FOR ACTION! I'M SENDING CAPTAIN SWETT AND LIEUTENANT SEGAL UP TO SCOUT FOR US... A LARGE FORMATION OF JAP BOMBERS AND FIGHTERS HAVE BEEN REPORTED HEADING THIS WAY!

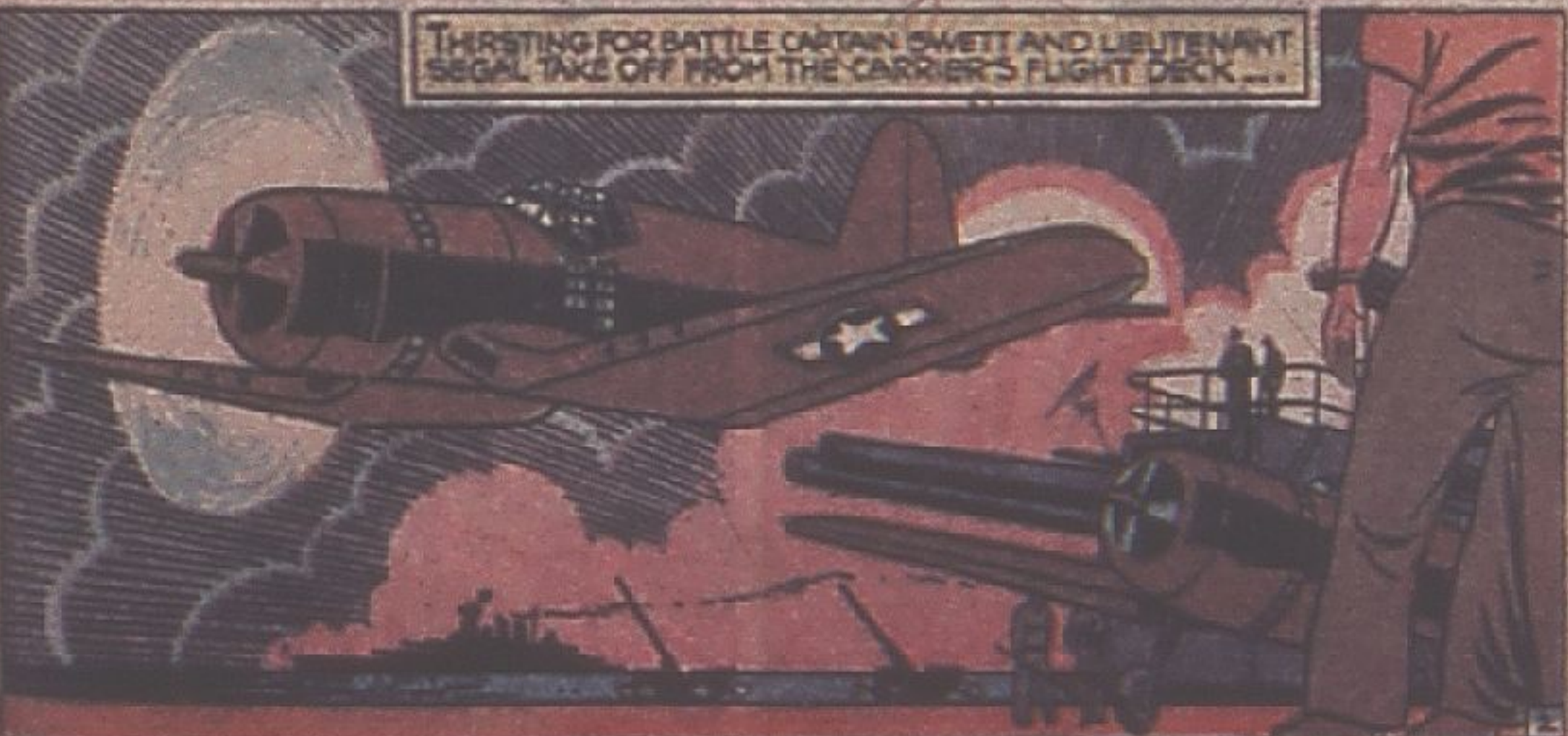


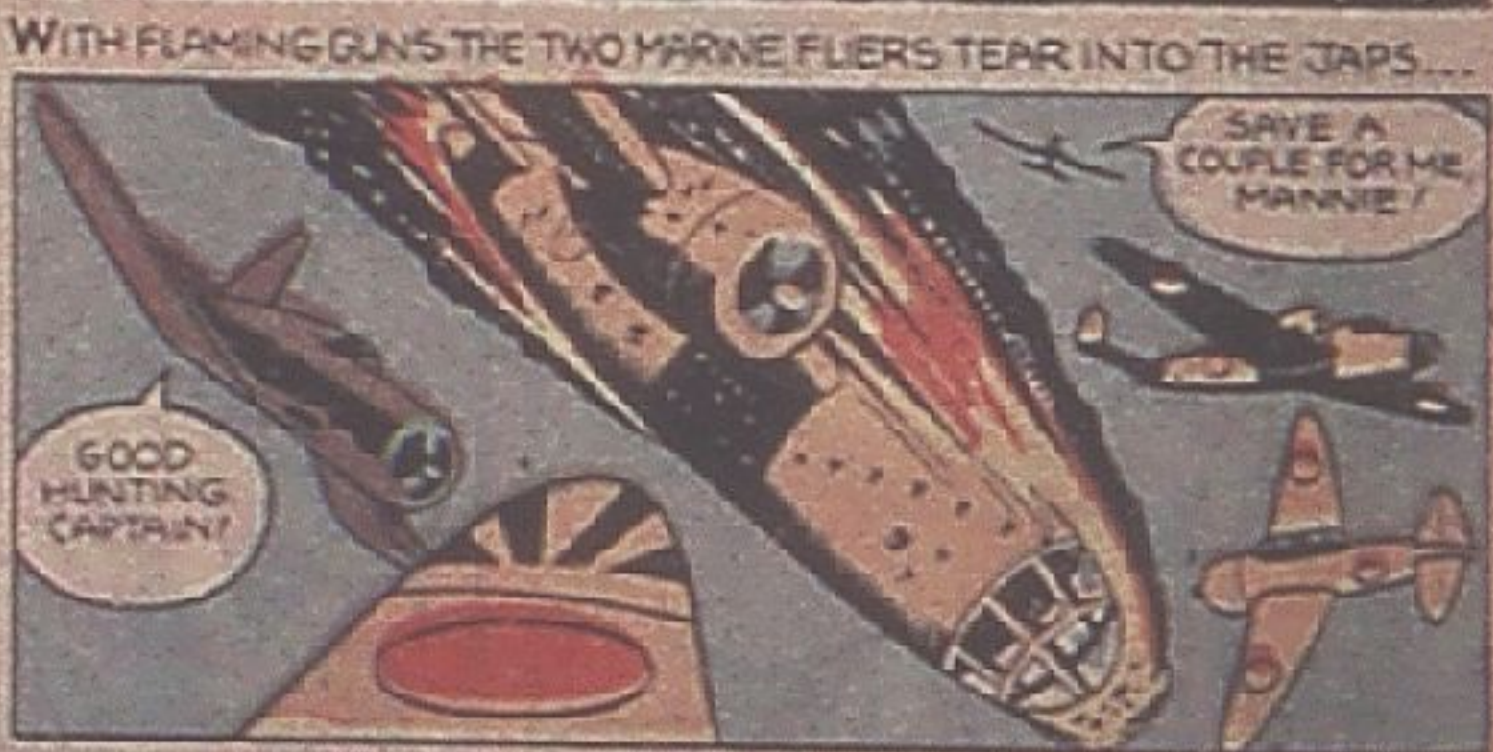
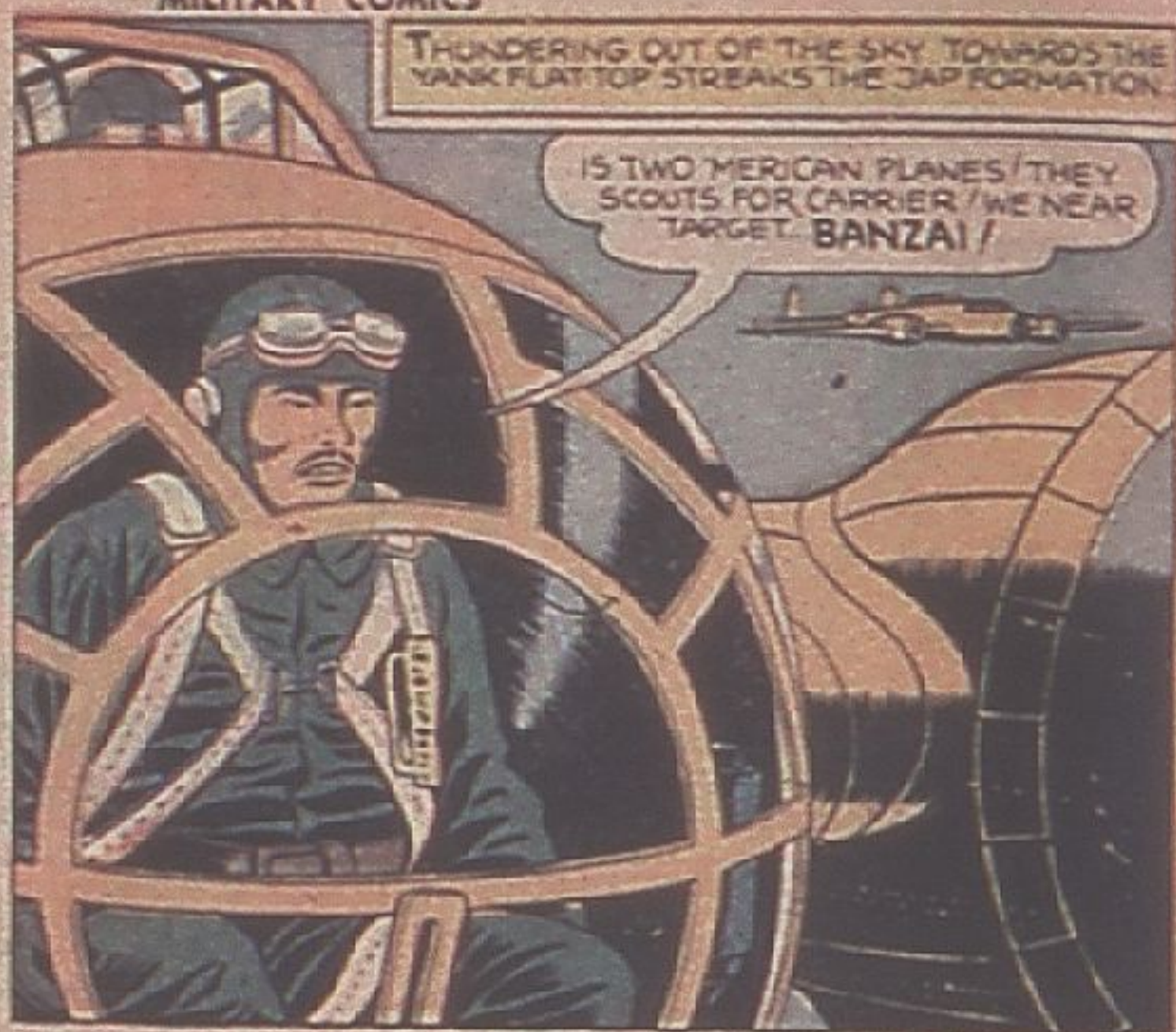
GOOD LUCK, MANNY! I HOPE YOU GET A FEW MORE FLAGS FOR ME TO PAINT ON THE FUSELAGE!

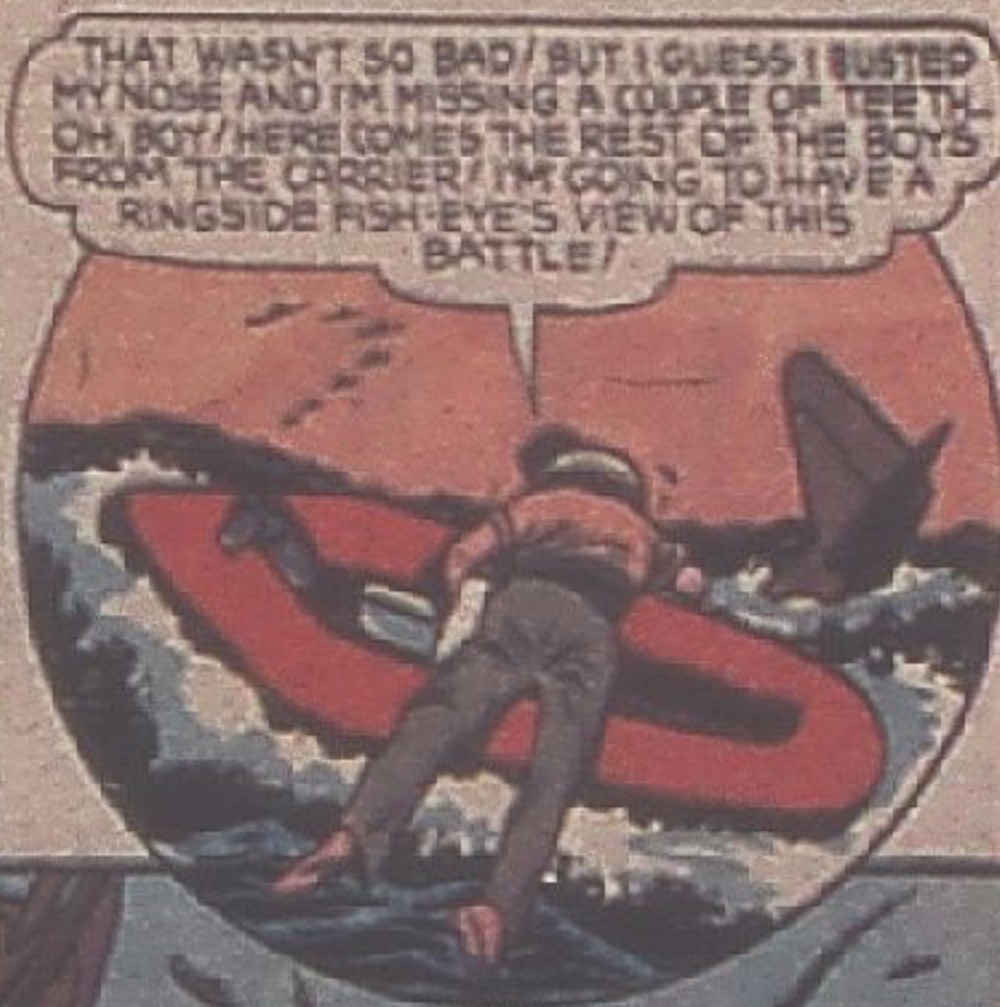
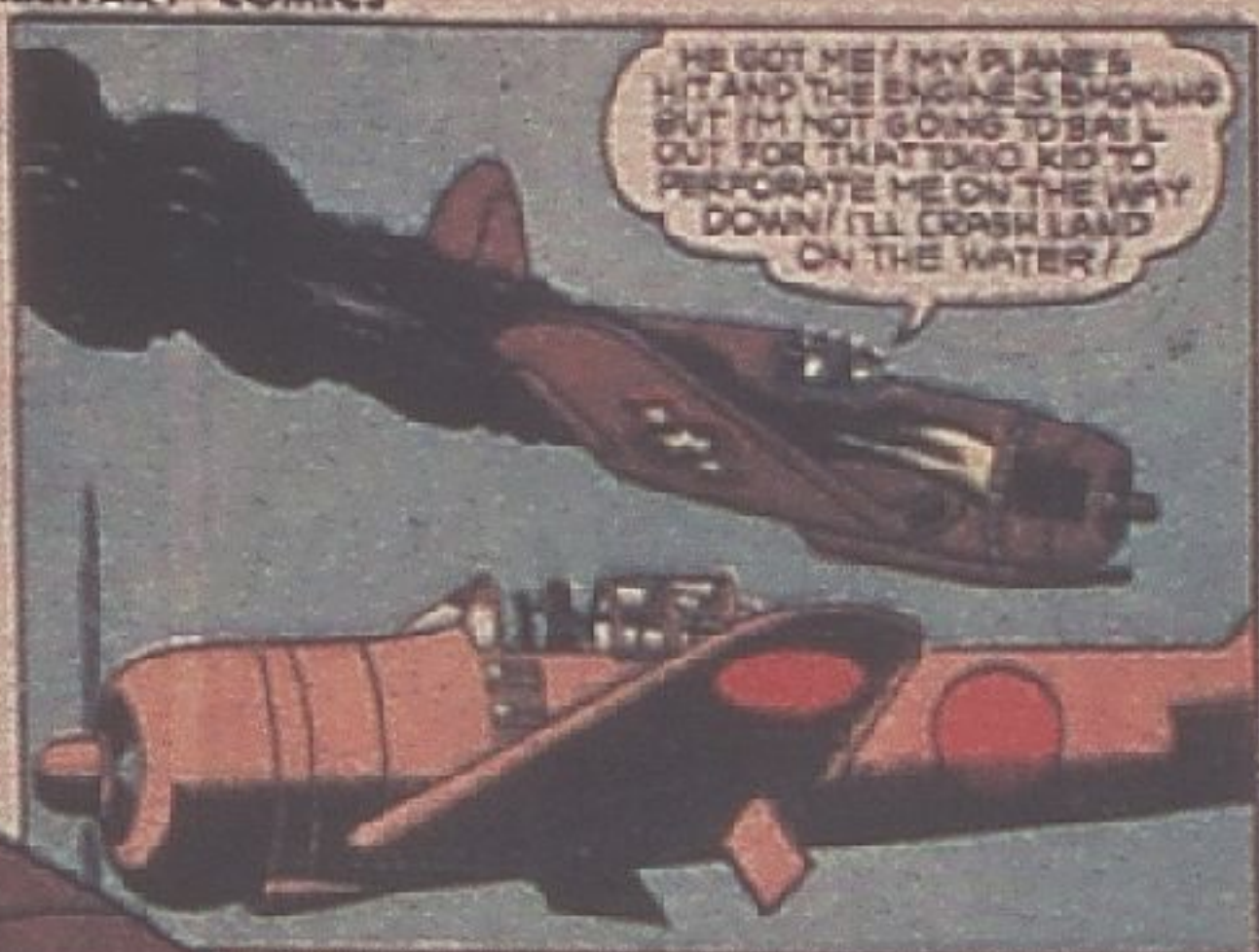
THANKS, BUDDY!



THRUSTING FOR BATTLE CAPTAIN SWETT AND LIEUTENANT SEGAL TAKE OFF FROM THE CARRIER'S FLIGHT DECK...







NEXT DAY A DESTROYER PICKS UP THE STRANDED BIRDMAN...



LATER "MURDEROUS MANNIE" SEGAL REJOINS THE "WAKE AVENGERS" AT BOUGAINVILLE...



YOUR NOSE WILL BE OKAY, LIEUTENANT! BUT I CAN'T FIND YOUR TWO MISSING TEETH! THEY MUST BE ON THE BOTTOM OF THE PACIFIC!



ATTENTION, MARINES! THE JAPS HAVE BROUGHT IN MORE FIGHTERS TO DEFEND THEIR BASE AT RABAU! IT'S UP TO US TO GET 'EM SO OUR BOMBERS CAN BLAST THE HARBOR DEFENSES!

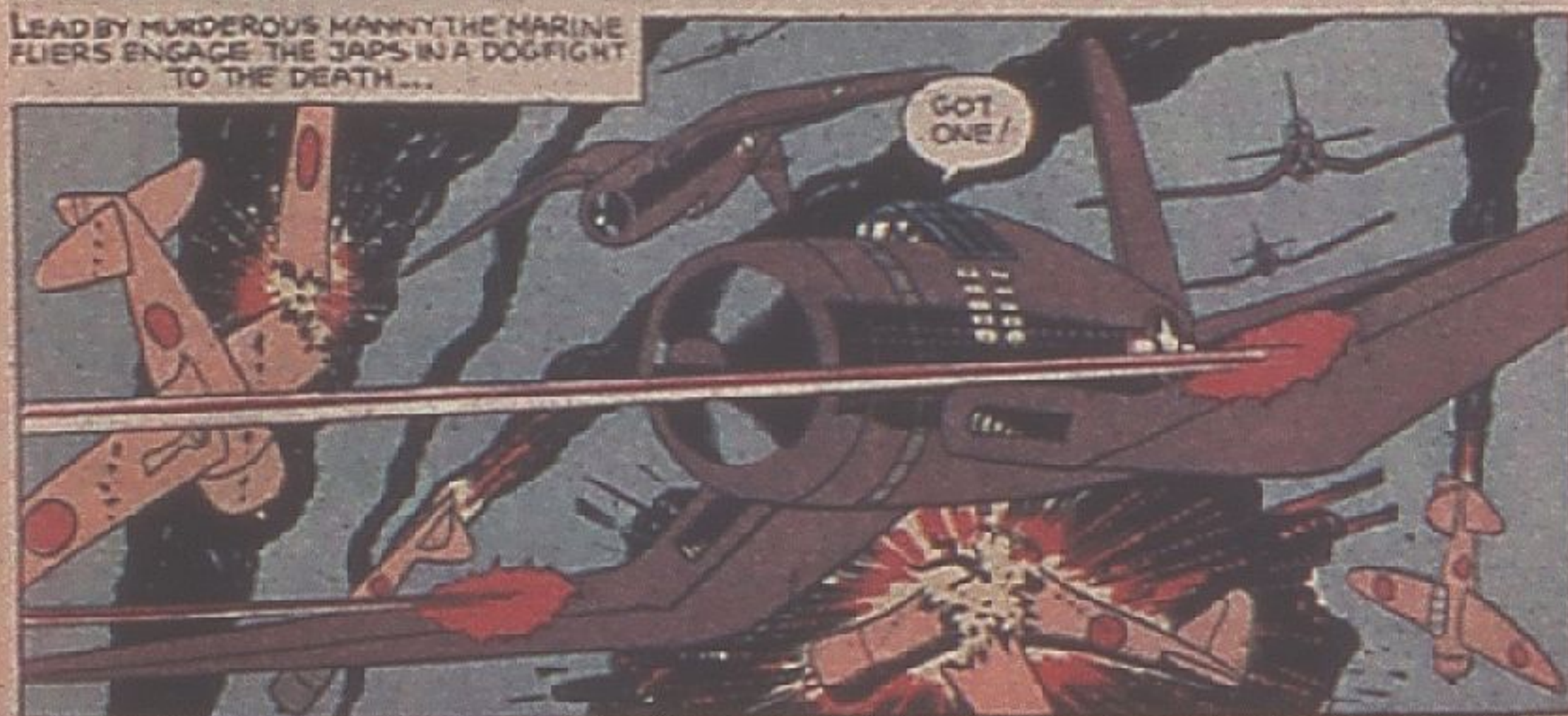


RABAU, HERE WE COME! THE WAKE AVENGERS ARE OUT FOR REVENGE!





LEAD BY MURDEROUS MANNY, THE MARINE FLIERS ENGAGE THE JAPS IN A DOGFIGHT TO THE DEATH...





BOMBS AWAY!



WHAM

CRASH



THAT'S THE END OF THE JAP DEFENSES ON RABAU! IT WON'T BE LONG BEFORE WE TAKE IT FOR OUR OWN USE!



LATER...

THE BOYS ARE ALL BACK SAFE. AND MURDEROUS MANNIE NOW HAS 12 ZEROS TO HIS CREDIT! HIS SCORE IS THE HIGHEST OF THE WAKE AVENGERS!



AND IT MAKES 50 PLANES IN ALL FOR OUR SQUADRON IN THREE WEEKS OF COMBAT! NOT BAD, NOT BAD! ATTENTION, MEN, HERE COMES THE OLD MAN! WONDER WHAT HE WANTS!

LIEUTENANT SEGAL!

YES, SIR!

YOUR EXPLOITS IN THE LINE OF DUTY AND YOUR CONSPICUOUS GALLANTRY IN ACTION HAVE WON YOU THE DISTINGUISHED FLYING CROSS! CONGRATULATIONS, LIEUTENANT MURDEROUS MANNIE!

★ HERE'S NEWS! READ ALL ABOUT IT

THESE CAN BE YOURS

and
MONEY
too!



Look them over, Fellers! Just a few of the many PRIZES that will guarantee you loads of fun the year round. Baseball, Football, Fishing and Camping Equipment. Model planes you can build and fly, sturdy pocket knives and even tires for your bikes. Yes sir—plenty of peachy prizes for boys who believe in getting what they go after. Here's a golden opportunity for you to earn Prizes and Money too. It's fun. It's easy!

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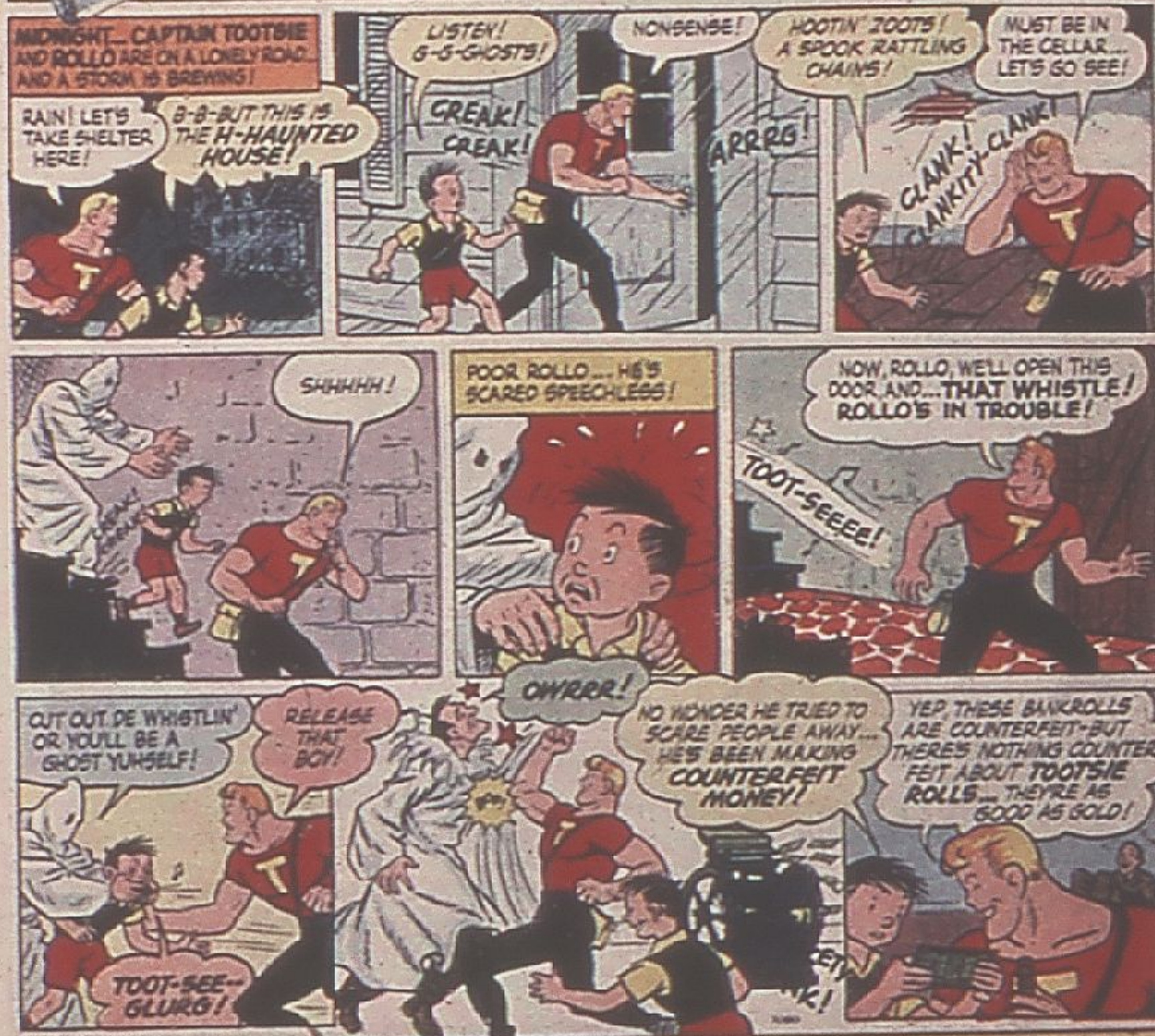
CITY _____ (*) If your city is so divided.

STATE _____

GET STARTED NOW

Captain **TOOTSIE** AND THE HAUNTED HOUSE

BY ROD REED AND C.C. BECK



KIDS, IT'S NEW--TOOTSIE VM

IT MAKES MILK TASTE LIKE CHOCOLATEY TOOTSIE ROLLS!

AND LOOK WHAT ITS VITAMINS GIVE YOU!

A THE RESISTANCE VITAMIN

R THE APPETITE VITAMIN

R THE GROWTH VITAMIN

D THE BONE VITAMIN

PLUS--IRON, THE RED BLOOD MINERAL, CALCIUM, PHOSPHORUS AND MUCH.

GROW UP TO BE A BIG, TALL, HUSKY GUY LIKE ME!